BRITANNIA and Eve

SEPTEMBER, 1955
TWO SHILLINGS

INTRODUCING:

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

Also in this issue

LIGHTING and HEATING SECTION

KAYSER BONDOR

Nylons

They come to you in 7 subtle shades— Show Off, Whisper, Shell Beauty, Tango, Phantom, Sunblush and Wildbloom

BRITANNIA and Eve

SEPTEMBER
1955

VOL. 51 NO. 3

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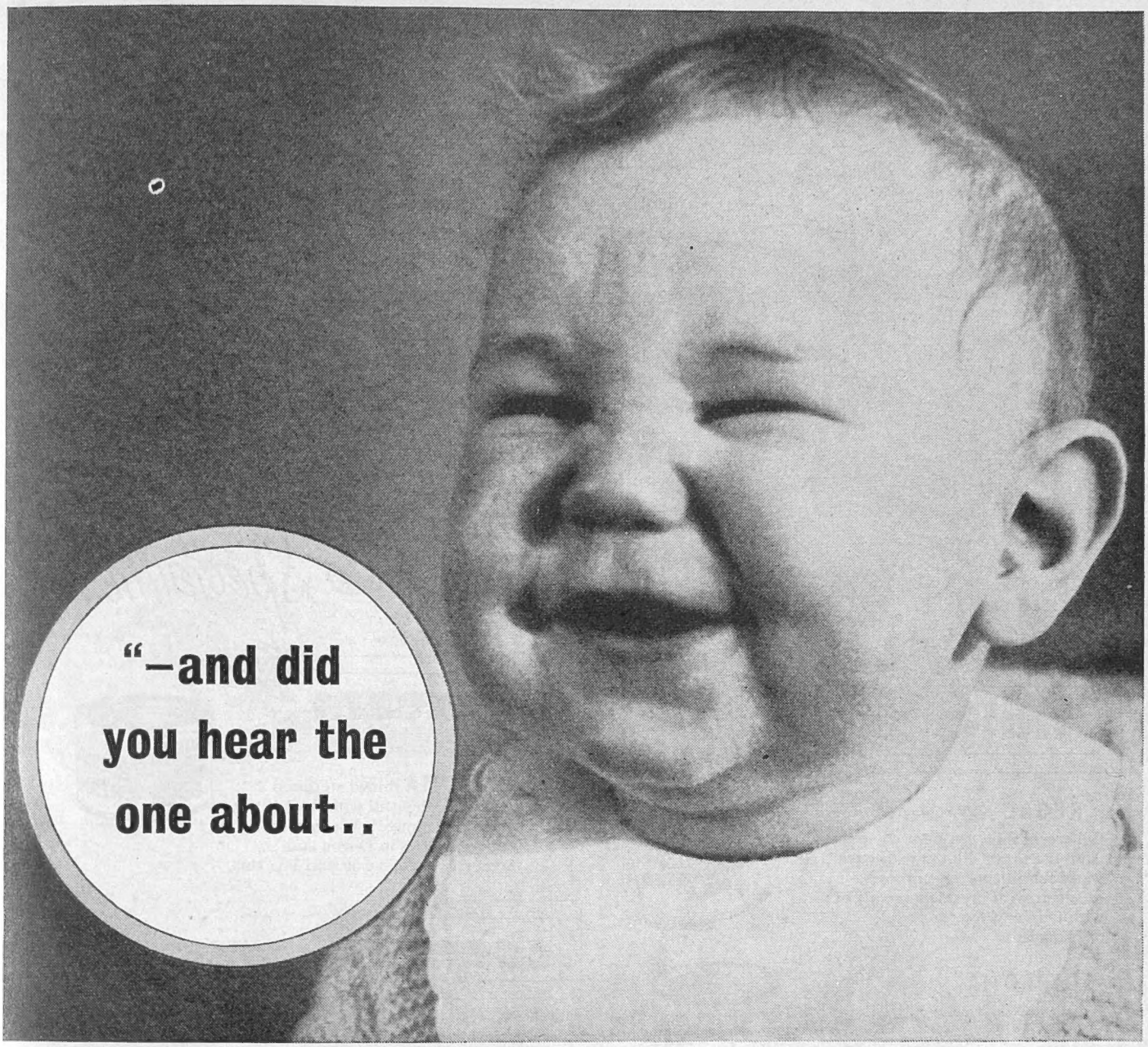
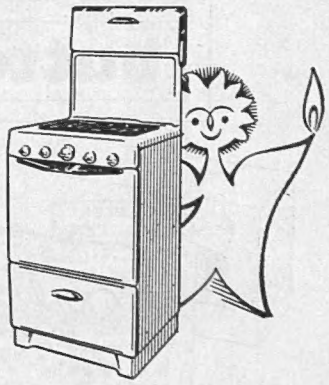


. . . even a therm will turn? You've probably heard it before, but it's true and not a shaggy dog story either. Just think — there's lots of cooking to be done every day so why not make it as easy as possible with Mr. Therm? Why stay in a rut when there's a smart new gas cooker waiting for you — a cooker to roast the joint to a turn or bake a cake to perfection while automatically adjusting the oven heat — a cooker with more room on top for boiling and simmering and a grill that is speedier and more economical? Let's stop the old trial and error cooking and get up to date — not only with our jokes, but, of course, with a new gas cooker."



Models are available in various colours and in sizes to suit every need and purse. You can buy one for a few shillings a week and there is no purchase tax on gas cookers. Why not call at your gas showrooms today?

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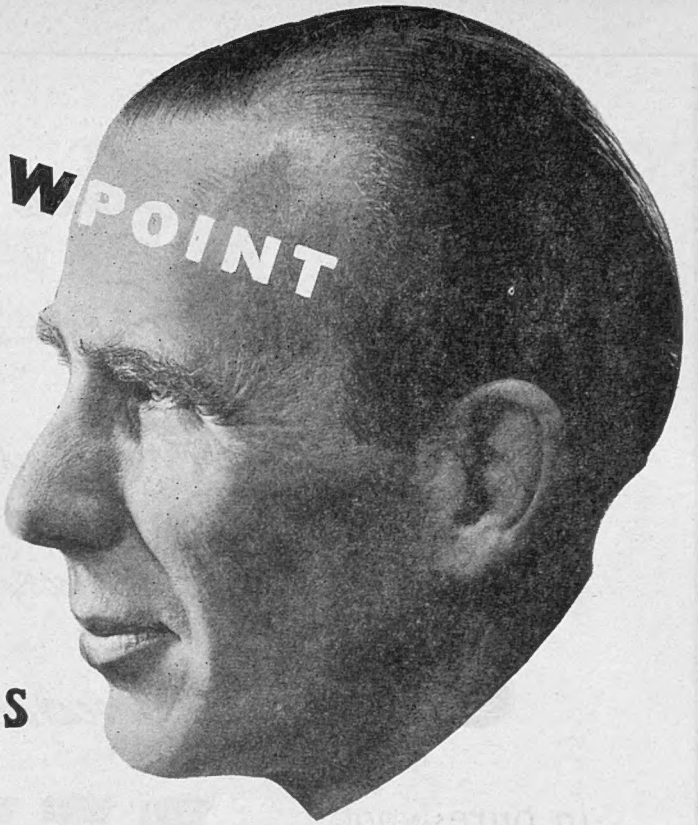
CHANGING VIEWPOINT



As a man progresses in his career, his standard of living insensibly increases with his income and responsibilities. At some stage in this progress he realises that the margin is trivial between an ordinary smoke and the best cigarettes in the world—

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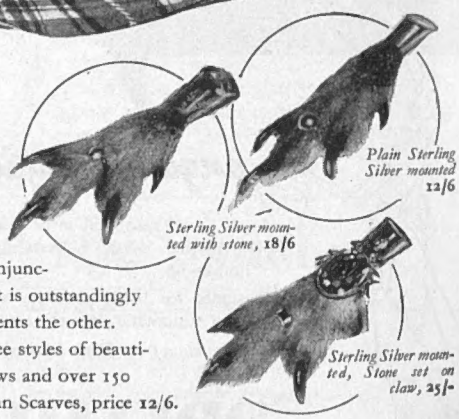

If there's one Scottish accessory that is unique and distinctive, it is the Grouse Claw. Worn in conjunction with a Tartan Scarf, it is outstandingly attractive as one complements the other. The Scotch House has three styles of beautifully mounted Grouse Claws and over 150 Authentic and lovely Tartan Scarves, price 12/6.

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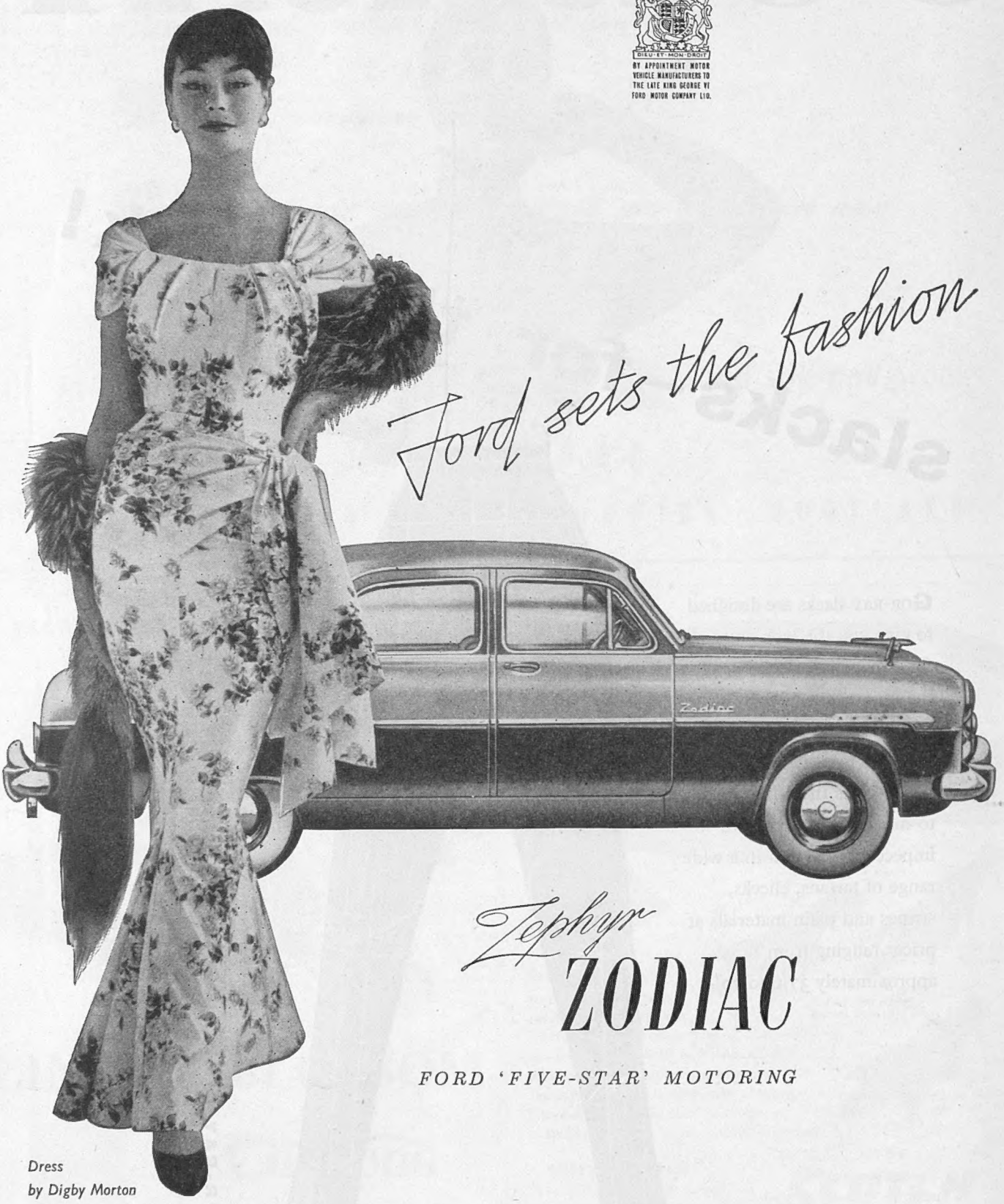


Ford sets the fashion

Zephyr
ZODIAC

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Dress
by Digby Morton

THE AUTHOR

"I'M a wish-to-please person," says Winifred Stivens. "I am so fascinated with people that I'm like a sponge that soaks up their personalities which I am embarrassed to find myself wearing as my own." In fact, she is very much an individual; with a bubbling sense of fun which she turns upon herself more often than on others.

Mrs. Stivens was born in Australia, where she trained as a teacher and became a writer and broadcaster. She is married to a writer, Dal Stivens, and has two children, a girl Maila, aged eight, and Christopher, aged five, and divides her time between her family and her writing. "The family gets the lion's share," she says contentedly.

I'm not Myself!

By WINIFRED STIVENS

THINGS have got to such a pitch that my every thought, word and deed is pure plagiarism: a parrot or an ape is less of a copyist than I . . .

This I know. I live, I breathe, I sleep. These I do as automatically as I wear the approved uniform of my sex, age and class. I paint my face, I crimp my hair, I contort my body with the aid of science and a diet sheet. And all about me I see my companions in the shadow-world: they seem to wear the same brain-washed look that I do.

It took three years and a 250-volt vacuum cleaner to bring the truth right home to me. Esther-who-does-for me has been struggling for years to clean up with a 250-volt cleaner plugged into a 200-volt main. The other day the benevolent borough council converted us into a 240-volt household.

"It's picking up lovely, now, madam," said Esther enthusiastically. She repeated this daily with wonder and relief.

One day I took to the carpets myself.

"How's it going, madam?" asked Esther.

"Oh, it's picking up *lovely*," said I.

At that moment I knew that I no longer existed as a free-and-independent being: I am a mirror reflection of whoever and whatever is near . . . a carbon copy . . . a cypher . . . a bubble in a nebulous mass.

Another of Esther's daily formulas is: "Did you see ON the paper about the man and the woman that . . . ?"

She reads a certain newspaper-cum-magazine from caption to caption before she comes to work and feeds me the exotic tidbits in pre-digested form, like a parent bird.

At dinner, while my husband discourses on the implications of (*Continued on page* 66)

"They slunk off to the bathroom casting disconcerted looks over their shoulders"

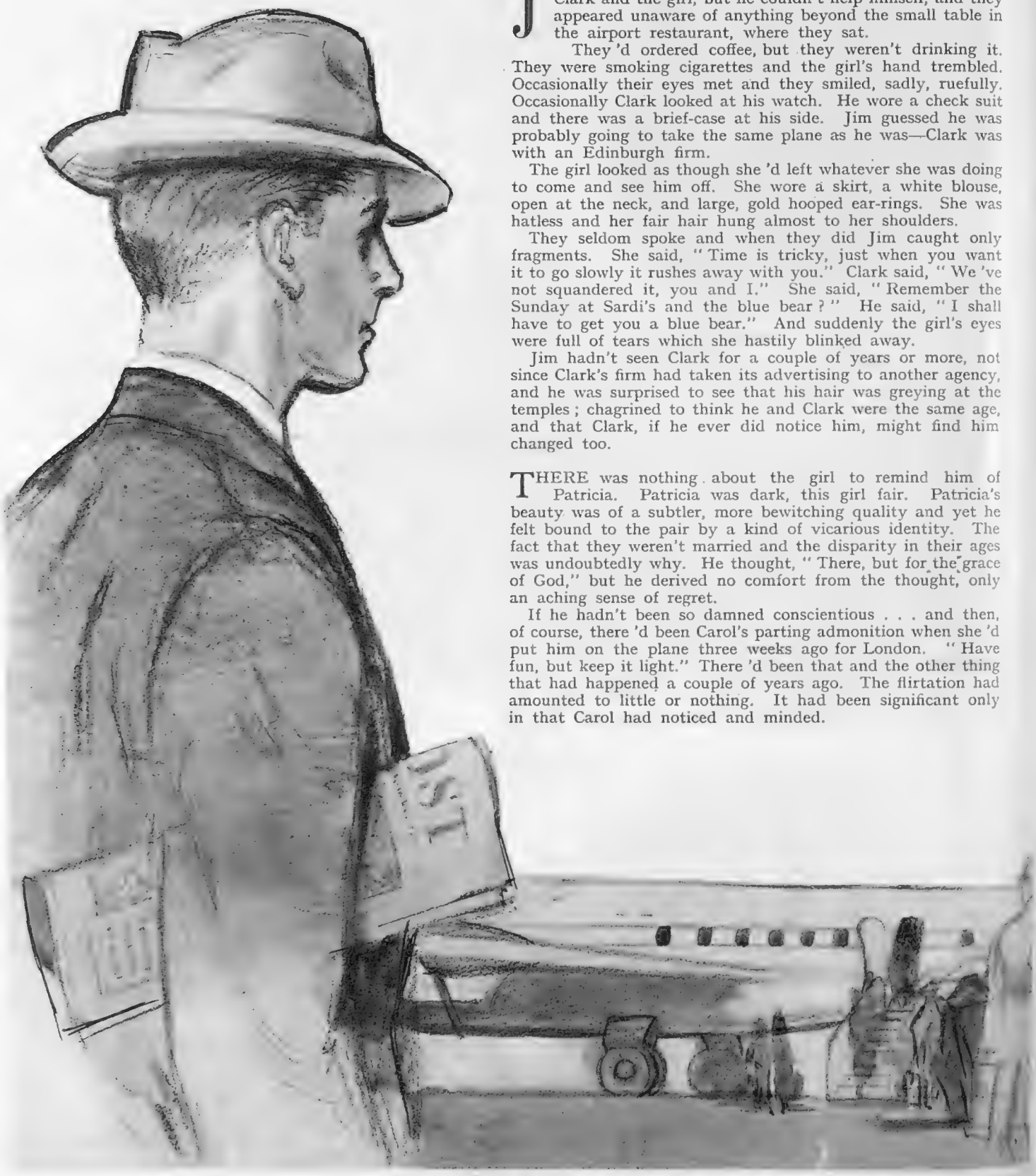
Illustration by PETTY

SHORT STORY

by

ANN HEAD

SINCE YOU



JIM knew it was rude to go on looking at them, Harold Clark and the girl, but he couldn't help himself, and they appeared unaware of anything beyond the small table in the airport restaurant, where they sat.

They 'd ordered coffee, but they weren't drinking it. They were smoking cigarettes and the girl's hand trembled. Occasionally their eyes met and they smiled, sadly, ruefully. Occasionally Clark looked at his watch. He wore a check suit and there was a brief-case at his side. Jim guessed he was probably going to take the same plane as he was—Clark was with an Edinburgh firm.

The girl looked as though she 'd left whatever she was doing to come and see him off. She wore a skirt, a white blouse, open at the neck, and large, gold hooped ear-rings. She was hatless and her fair hair hung almost to her shoulders.

They seldom spoke and when they did Jim caught only fragments. She said, " Time is tricky, just when you want it to go slowly it rushes away with you." Clark said, " We 've not squandered it, you and I." She said, " Remember the Sunday at Sardi's and the blue bear ? " He said, " I shall have to get you a blue bear." And suddenly the girl's eyes were full of tears which she hastily blinked away.

Jim hadn't seen Clark for a couple of years or more, not since Clark's firm had taken its advertising to another agency, and he was surprised to see that his hair was greying at the temples ; chagrined to think he and Clark were the same age, and that Clark, if he ever did notice him, might find him changed too.

THERE was nothing about the girl to remind him of Patricia. Patricia was dark, this girl fair. Patricia's beauty was of a subtler, more bewitching quality and yet he felt bound to the pair by a kind of vicarious identity. The fact that they weren't married and the disparity in their ages was undoubtedly why. He thought, " There, but for the grace of God," but he derived no comfort from the thought, only an aching sense of regret.

If he hadn't been so damned conscientious . . . and then, of course, there 'd been Carol's parting admonition when she 'd put him on the plane three weeks ago for London. " Have fun, but keep it light." There 'd been that and the other thing that had happened a couple of years ago. The flirtation had amounted to little or nothing. It had been significant only in that Carol had noticed and minded.

He thought, " There, but for the grace of God," but he derived no comfort from the thought

WENT AWAY

Illustrations by PAT KENDRICK

She 'd been wonderful, Carol had. He doubted that Clark's wife, from what he 'd seen of her, would take a defection so well. " I 'm not going to play the heavy-handed wife," Carol had said. " I wouldn't know how to, but you 'd better stop playing with fire before it 's too late. One of these days you might find yourself head over heels in love, and you 're too old for a broken heart. So am I."

It wasn't the warning that had deterred him, because he didn't really believe it ; it was her gallantry that had impressed him. But he regretted now that he 'd taken it so deeply to heart. What was the sum of life when you came right down to it but one's relationships ? If he hadn't been such a conventional fool, he told himself bitterly, the girl Patricia might be here now, across the table from him, their hands touching on the table-top, as Clark's and the girl's hands touched.

IT had been Patricia's hands that first attracted him : such lovely, imaginative hands for so small and competent a girl, delicate fingers, with a special message for everything they touched. Just watching her open a packet of cigarettes had turned his heart over . . . His eye still on the other couple, he swore under his breath. There was still fifteen minutes before the plane left. Abruptly he pushed back his chair, signalled the waitress. Without a backward glance he walked out to the telephone booths.

He found he didn't have enough change. It was while he waited for the girl at the

Clark took the girl in his arms. Her hair fell back across the sleeve of his coat, her hands gripped his shoulder

ticket counter to give him change that he came to his senses, realised he 'd no idea of what he planned to say to Patricia. What could he say ? That he was sorry he 'd let her go, that he 'd changed his mind, that next time he came to London he wanted to see her ? Cheap ! What he 'd felt for her, what he 'd guessed she felt for him, the tenuous yearning, the curiosity of the heart, all the things that had compelled him to turn away before any of it could be realised, had not been cheap.

But if he 'phoned her now she might think so.

He pocketed his change and went outside, where the air was cold and untroubled and where the plane that would return him to his wife and his children was already loading.

Clark and the blonde came out too, and stood side by side, their shoulders barely touching, and stared disconsolately at the silver ship.

The other passengers—two Servicemen, a nun, an elderly couple, a young couple, a man wearing a Homburg—pushed past them, hurrying for a choice of seats. Still Clark and the girl stood motionless, unaware, and then Clark took the girl in his arms. Her hair fell back across the sleeve of his coat, her hands gripped his shoulders. Suddenly she broke away from him, turned and ran towards the car-park. Clark, without looking to see where she 'd gone, not looking at anything, straightened his hat and walked briskly over the tarmac.

Jim was the last to get aboard. All the single seats were taken but there were plenty of seats left. Clark's back was to him. He didn't have to go up to him, slap him on the shoulder, say " I 'll be damned ! Funny I didn't run across you before. I was transferred to Edinburgh in June." He could have taken a seat near the rear of the plane and let the incident drop, but he didn't want to let it drop.

Like a man with an aching tooth prodding at the painful spot, unable to leave it alone, he wanted to hear about the girl. He wanted to go on torturing himself with what he 'd missed in letting Patricia go. So he went up to Clark and clapped him on the back. " I 'll be damned ! " he said.

" Good to see you ! " Clark moved over. He seemed genuinely glad to see him. There was nothing at first but welcome in his eyes. " How 's business ? So they 've moved you up there, eh ? Now that I think about it, I believe Dorothy mentioned she 'd run into Carol somewhere." Suddenly Clark's smile faded. He turned abruptly to look out of the window. He 's wondering, Jim thought, if I saw him at the airport.

THE plane took off down the runway, lifted into the air. Out of the window the skyline of London receded. Somewhere in one of those faintly pin-pointed silhouettes Patricia would be scowling over the Byers' account, thinking her own thoughts. But not of him. His head had begun to ache and his throat felt dry. What a waste ! What a senseless waste ! What a senseless useless waste ! There was little enough real affection of honest comradeship between men and women . . . little enough respite from the essential loneliness . . . one should not turn away.

Clark continued to stare out of the window even when there was no longer anything much to see. The fingers of his left hand thoughtfully drummed his knee. " It 's a good place to live," he said to no one in particular. Jim opened the magazine he'd brought with him . . . " The temptation in televised advertising," he read, " is to oversell, literally knock your victim between the eyes." . . . Patricia had said the same thing but he hadn't especially listened. He 'd

(*Continued on page* 63)

For Clark, for the girl and for Clark's wife, life could never be entirely whole again

Children think like children

By LEN CHALONER

They are not necessarily "dull"

because in the early days

of development they

do not think like adults

"Dick has been at his kindergarten nearly fourteen months and he can't read or add 2 and 2. What's more, he couldn't care less. Most of our friends' children are ahead of him, and I'm getting worried. His headmistress says he is lazy but John and I have lectured him about it and he shows no interest at all. We are beginning to wonder if he is stupid."

SUCH fears are not uncommon about children who are slow starters, but in most cases alarm for the child's potential abilities is premature. Children think like children. In the dawning world of knowledge each step is sufficient unto itself. There is no room among current preoccupations for tomorrow's problems. That is the difference between a child thinking and an adult. There is no rigid pattern of development. Progress is slower in some cases than in others, but in the majority of cases it has no serious significance and merely implies that the child needs help in the way best suited to his temperament.

Even in the later school days some children come down over one special hurdle like arithmetic. A large class, or one composed of children who are further advanced, can make it difficult for a youngster to get the individual encouragement his temperament needs. So he slips behind and, in self-defence, shows indifference. With such "one-subject" difficulties personal coaching may well be the best answer.

Our own first-born had this problem, though it was solved in an unexpected fashion. Arithmetic was his "blind spot," and at this point it seemed less important to him than his desire to build a flat-bottomed boat to enjoy on the school pond. The handicraft master agreed to provide the wood for the job if he could discover how (*Continued on page* 66)

Paper and scissors—that's all

Lotte Reiniger needs to

bring delightful shadows

of fantasy to life

MAGIC *in her*

I EXPECTED to see them in the garden but they were not there.

Rather disappointed, I looked up at the tall old house. At all the windows and down by the open door were little beings, some smiling impishly, others just visible as they peeped out shyly behind the curtains. There were a number of fairies, two or three enchanting princesses and some horrible witches. A pompous frog croaked his welcome in the voice of a bass viol while a gawky, adolescent grasshopper led the way up the stairs ahead of me.

Now please don't get the wrong impression. Experience taught me years ago that excessive quantities of alcohol or whimsy make me sick. My encounter with the fantastic little creatures was not the result of an overdose of either. They just happen to live at the Abbey Arts Centre with Lotte Reiniger.

She is not their creator. They have always existed, an integral part of the basic beauty of life. Lotte Reiniger is simply the means of expressing them in a new way, as living silhouettes.

This is not going to be a high-falutin' screed on Art. That would only frighten away the fairies and induce the imps to put their tongues out at me. Miss Reiniger would probably just shrug her shoulders and get on with her work, for she is a very busy person.

You and your children may have seen some of her results on television. There was Papageno, the Little Chimney Sweep, the Magic Horse and the Sleeping Beauty. Shortly you will be seeing more.

I visited her in the tall old house because I think her work is important and I wanted to know more about it. It may interest you that a few months ago some of Walt Disney's top men went there for the same reason. They were staggered by the quality of her work, the simplicity of her methods and the extent of her output.

She is a plump, motherly-looking woman, with exquisite, slender, tapering hands, and eyes that twinkle with an immortal youthfulness. Her accent is German, for she was born in Berlin. She has lived in Paris, Rome and London, but she belongs to none of these places.

Somehow she reminded me of the Queen of Tonga, a dedicated, loving monarch of a fabulous realm. Her subjects exist only as silhouettes, delightful shadows of fantasy. Like all shadows, they have no weight or substance. They are as real as fairy-tales and if you deny them you might as well deny all that exists only for the sake of man's delight.

SCISSORS

By

FREDDY BLOOM

Snip, snip go Lotte Reiniger's scissors, and the plain black paper is quickly transformed into fairy-like figures. Dainty fairies, enchanting princesses, horrible witches and pompous frogs are but a few of the enchanting silhouettes you may have enjoyed on television

Miss Reiniger's methods are simple. With a pair of sharp, pointed scissors she cuts plain paper till it comes to life. For animated films or performances where movement is needed, her characters (animal, vegetable or mineral) will be composed of various separate pieces, like string puppets, and hinged at the joints with tiny metal pegs.

The backgrounds are often composed of plain white paper, the effect of light and dark being achieved by varying opaqueness due to different numbers of layers. Light passes easily through one sheet, a fair amount still passes through two, but very little through three, and practically none through four. Using this simple principle, Lotte Reiniger achieves perspective, light and shade and almost photographic reality by nonchalantly cutting up cheap white wrapping paper.

This nonchalance is one of the most fascinating characteristics of her work. She generally does not bother to draw the designs in pencil first. "My hands have been at this for so long they know what they are doing," is her explanation.

Recently she sold twelve of her animated films to American television, thus becoming one of Britain's valuable dollar-earners. Now she is busy fulfilling another United States order for coloured television films.

That these animated films might give the illusion of smooth movement, twenty-four separate but blending images must hit the eye in the course of one second. That means 1,440 in a minute. A ten-minute film, therefore, will call for almost 15,000 pictures. Miss Reiniger is not impressed. She tackles the problem as if it were nothing.

In two small Heath Robinsonish studios she has large, glass-topped tables. Strong lights shine from below. Heavy black curtains can be drawn round the tables to cut out other light. A camera lies lens-down on a wooden platform just above the table. The flat paper backgrounds are placed on the glass-topped tables and the lights below switched on.

LITTLE black figures—it happened to be Jack and the Beanstalk when I called—are placed in their proper position on the background, say, at the bottom of some stairs. The artist pulls a chain that hangs down from the platform near her left hand, the camera clicks and a picture is taken. The chain is similar to those usually found in less artistic surroundings.

Very carefully Miss Reiniger raises Jack's leg a mere trifle on the first step of his ascent. She pulls the chain again, another click and the second picture is taken. Once more the leg is raised ever so slightly and this time an arm is moved gently forward. It will eventually appear to swing easily as Jack runs up the stairs.

(*Continued on page 66*)

A dress without accessories is like a sentence without punctuation.

Both give pause and emphasis when discriminately

used and add up to nonsense when they are not

accessories

WHAT *are* accessories ? Things to wear as components of the ensemble—hats, gloves, shoes ; things to carry—bags, umbrellas ; things to pin on, clip on, tie on—buttonholes, ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, scarves ; important things which can make or mar an outfit. The golden rule to apply to them all is that they should always be of the best. A few good accessories are infinitely better than a variety of cheap ones and, if well chosen, can alternate with several outfits. But do look closely at the quality even if you are paying a top price.

" When in doubt, leave it out." Wear one piece of costume jewellery which is significant—and this does not mean outsize : a brooch centrally on the collar of a high-necked shirt ; a wide gilt slave bangle ; a flower placed high on the lapel (if artificial, it must be exquisite) ; one good ornament. Avoid a number of nondescript items, matching or not.

Successful accessorizing lies in understatement, and too much obvious matching draws attention to itself. Beware especially of white. With a white hat, for instance, use white collar and cuffs—and stop there. Everything else—shoes, handbag, belt—should be dark. Don't be tempted to pin on a white buttonhole or wear white beads ; if any jewellery, wear gold instead. And why always white with *navy* ? Navy with pastel blue is equally as good. Why not white with nigger brown, for instance, which is just as fresh and more unusual ?

One touch too much of white is a death-knell to smartness, and this is true of other dominant accessory colours. Biscuit-coloured gloves and handbag for summer go well with black, tan, navy or grey, but in the same ensemble the light shoes which are now so fashionable would be a mistake.

With a lighter outfit—say blonde—wear brown accessories, even in summer. Sombreness is restful in the midst of glare.

Accessories need not be light in colour. Cinnamon with black takes a lot of beating, and the same applies to black with grey. We are generally told to vary one basic suit with different sets of accessories, all of which must be bright. The result is often disastrous. Instead, try turning the advice back to front : buy few but good accessories, and economise on clothes if necessary. Beautiful accessories will give a simple, inexpensive dress a cachet, whereas cheap ones let down good clothes.

Above all, keep in mind that accessories must be subordinate, not predominant. Details make perfection, but perfection is no detail.

White, when used with discretion, is one of the most elegant accessory devices, but when over-stated is guaranteed to vanquish the most sophisticated outfit. " When in doubt, leave it out " is a safe principle for white

BRITANNIA and EVE'S

VOGUE

PATTERN SERVICE

Readers who agree with us that few things are more immediately rewarding than making one's own clothes, will welcome the new Vogue pattern service which begins in this issue. The merits of these patterns are widely known. We are confident of bringing you each month a selection of the best fashions, ranging from simple styles for the less confident home dressmaker to more intricate ones for the experienced.

Festive Début

Prepare yourself for the party season by making this youthful short evening dress and its complementary coat. The dress—a true ballerina—has the long-waisted bodice of the "tutu" and a many-layered, mid-calf length skirt flattering to ballroom, as well as ballet dancing; wide square neckline dipping to a point at the back; and little ruched sleeves. Fabrics: photographed dress was in tissue taffeta with layers of net for the skirt. Otherwise, chiffon, silk organza, marquisette, voile. Colours: orange or lemon, Italian pink, almond green. To top it, a straight coat with a stand-away collar and short sleeves (cut three-quarter length in the picture). Fabrics: faille, shantung, piqué. Colours: cream, beige, coffee, or white as a foil to the definite colour of the dress. Dress: Special Design, S.4612; 5s. 0d.; in bust sizes 28-36. Coat: Easy-to-Make Special Design, S.4545; 5s. 0d.; in bust sizes 30-38.

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information see page 20

continuing . . .

Autumn outdoors

— *the tunic coat*

Three-quarter-length cocoon of a coat, following Balenciaga's tunic line, to wear over slim dresses and skirts. For town, country, travel, you will wonder how you lived without it. It is the epitome of unbulky ease, with its subtly shaped "shapelessness," which only a master designer could achieve. The collar is large and flat, the patch pockets huge, the hemline gently tapered to the knees. Go anywhere in it, and look well. Fabric and colour suggestions : for autumn in town, or air travel, choose tweed, worsted, or flannel in a pale banana beige with brilliant peacock blue accessories. For country wear, train or car travel, choose camel hair or wool broadcloth in soft fern green. Special Design, S-4581 ; 5s. 0d. bust sizes 30-38

S—4581

Back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information on page 20

The jumper-suit you must have: most wearable form of the long line. The V-necked overblouse fits to the hips, the skirt is finely pleated. Fabric must be warm and supple, to pleat easily—wool jersey or lightweight wool. Colour: any you fancy. Navy blue with china blue hat and pewter grey accessories, or cinnamon with black, would be attractive for town. Pattern: 8599; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 28-36

Could be a complement to the coat on opposite page, this slim shirt-dress with narrow skirt, soft shawl collar, and buttoned three-quarter sleeves. It can be "dressed" up or down, and will suit most ages and figures. Fabrics: wool jersey, lightweight wool, fine worsted. Colours: if to go with the tunic coat in banana, choose khaki; if with the fern green, dark green. Pattern: 8622; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30-40

Becoming one-piece dress, soft and feminine: fitting bodice buttoned to below the waist, Puritan collar, full tucked skirt. Has dual personality as street dress, or for autumn cocktail parties, depending on material chosen. Fabrics: wool crêpe, sheer wool for day; crêpe, shantung, surah for evening. Colours: yellow, orange, green, brown. Special Design: S-4610; 5s. 0d.; bust sizes 30-38

Autumn indoors . . . *the sheath dress*

8619

It might seem that the perfect model figure would be needed to carry off such a svelte dress, but this is not so: given a good foundation, the middle-sized can look just as well in it as the very slim, for the slenderizing line from neck to hemline gives an impression of height. This very elegant yet eminently wearable dress is in fact a two-piece, which helps to ensure a perfect fit. The hip-length bodice, worn over a slim skirt, has a wide, low neckline encircled by a shaped collar band. Fabrics: the dress in our photograph was made in closely embroidered lace, perhaps the ideal here, as the simplicity of the style shows off the ornate material. A less formal version would be successful in shantung, faille, crêpe or taffeta. Colours: favourites for evening this season—white above all, pale icing pink, lavender, coral and wistaria. Pattern: 8619; 3s. 6d., bust sizes 30–38.

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2 in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in. etc.

**Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below.* Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
S-4612	5s.	17	Evening dress	6⅝	39 in.
			Underskirt and bodice lining	5⅜	39 in.
S-4545	5s.	17	Coat (short sleeves)	3⅝	39 in.
S-4581	5s.	18	Coat	2¾	54 in.
8599	3s. 6d.	19	Jumper-suit	3	54 in.
8622	3s. 6d.	19	Shirt-dress	2⅞	54 in.
S-4610	5s.	19	One-piece dress	4⅛	54 in.
8619	3s. 6d.	20	Sheath dress	3⅝	39 in.

S-4581

S-4545

S-4610

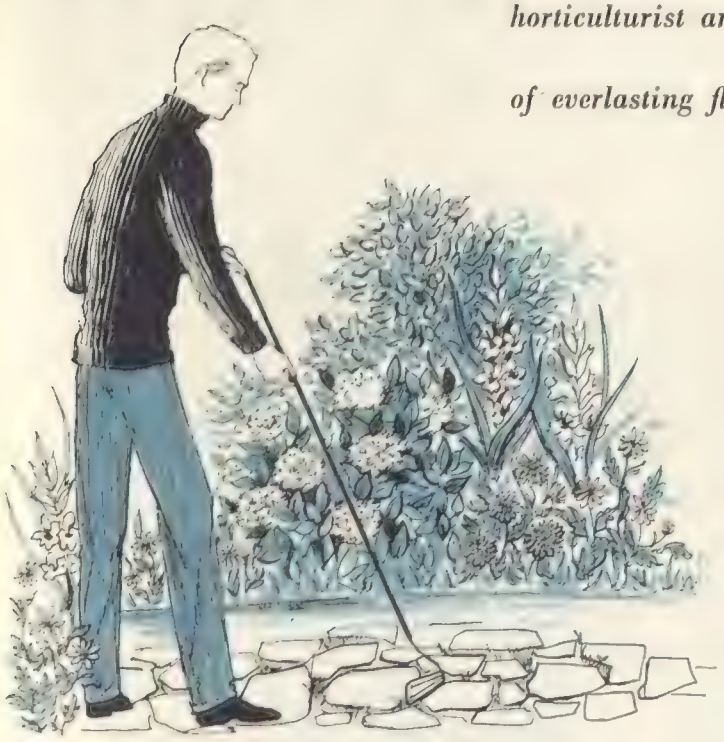
8622

S-4612

8599

8619

Continuing her home-and-garden diary, Mrs. Roy Hay, wife of the well-known horticulturist and radio gardener, talks of bulb-work in September, of everlasting flowers, and of some new ideas in time and labour-saving devices in the garden



ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

By ELIZABETH HAY

SEPTEMBER always makes me feel a little sad, for though it is often a sunny month the end of the summer is very near. But I lose myself in the work of planting for spring, which conjures up the lovely months of April and May again and all their flowers which are my special delight. Planning and putting in bulbs compensates for the sadness of parting.

Some of our beds and borders are still flowering nobly, and it is difficult to get down to planting as yet, but there are still some odd corners that look bare in the spring and one is inclined to overlook during the summer when elsewhere the garden is so full. I have marked down two in our garden that I am determined to do something about now.

One is under a weeping elm in a corner. It is an arbour in summer and we mow the grass round but not under it. That will be a lovely spot to put a show of bulbs. I want to do the same under the big old Bramley apple whose branches also nearly touch the ground. I can picture daffodils, snowdrops and crocuses in brilliant clumps.

As they follow each other in flowering, their season is a long one, and if the grass is left to grow long where they are planted their foliage helps to build up the bulbs for next year's flowering because they die down naturally. I often use bulbs that I have grown indoors in these odd corners. Unlike new bulbs, they don't make a brilliant show at once but eventually they do. I have a small bed in the garden with a gay edging of hyacinths all of which have been turned out of bowls. Bulbs which are to stay in permanently should be planted deeper than those you intend to take up after flowering.

Have you yet tried growing everlasting flowers to use in the house mixed with evergreens, beech leaves or chrysanthemums? (*Continued on page* 73)

Illustration by HELEN KIRBY

SMART STREET

Illustrations

by

EDITH MACLEAN

SCENE

Dresses for September sunshine; for days that are too warm for coats, too cool for summer prints

Impeccably tailored Princess dress (*opposite, far left*), the buttoned flaps lead into a basque at the back, under which the skirt is fitted to a separate waist-band, ensuring a perfect set. In chocolate, mid or dark grey wool with coloured jabot, by Paul Jonas, about 22 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate

Soft wool jersey dress (*opposite, left*), with bodice fitting to the hips and generously gathered skirt. Can be worn with or without the belt. In flame, with a tweed-like black fleck, or grey mist, aquamarine, copper, emerald, beige, by Wolsey, about 7 gns. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly; Selfridges, London; Barlow and Taylor, Derby; Dingles, Plymouth

Dress and jacket (*right*) in striped tweed, black and tan, black and green, or sorrel. The dress has double-breasted front buttoning, high V-neck, and three-quarter sleeves: the jacket is single-breasted, with plain collar and pocket flaps. By Vogel, about 27 gns. at Wenda, Baker Street, London; Frank Mason, Ipswich

Close-fitting dress with silk cravat (*far right*) has slender sleeves fanning into three-quarter-length cuffs, and an important buttoned pocket placed low and slanting on the hip. In pure wool knubble tweed, mahogany or black and white, by Sylvia Mills, about 21 gns. at Rocha, Grafton Street, London; Jenners, Edinburgh

Autumn-into-winter outfit for town or travel, the suit in a tweed the colour of bell-heather, the jacket of the same tweed as if seen through a magnifying-glass, and brushed to a misty glow. The collar of the suit matches the jacket. Also in grey or blue, with smoked pearl buttons. A Golden Crest model by Mark Green, about 27 gns. complete at Swan and Edgar, London; Wallace Green, Birmingham.

A fitted coat must be beautifully cut, with a tiny waist coming in the right place, and a full, flaring skirt. This coat (above, right) has the authentic swing and crispness of good tailoring. By Bickler, in mohair and wool, with beaver lamb collar shaped to minimise the waist, about 16 gns. at D. H. Evans, London; Patrick Thomson, Edinburgh

In the graceful coat *below*, the A-line is made classic, being subtly suggested by the placing of six polished wood buttons, and the curving pocket-bands which button on to the martingale belt. In warm, cinnamon-coloured wool and camel-hair, lined with satin. Other colours to order. By Felix Fashions, about 25½ gns. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.
Cosy topcoat (*right*) in tweed brushed to give a soft, misty finish to the lovely colours—emerald and light blue or light and dark garnet, royal and grey blue, tortoise-shell, with black. By Aquascutum, 19 gns. at 100, Regent Street, W.1, and branches

GLASSES OF

A perfect oval face has nothing to hide, so the hat should follow its contour in outline. The spectacles should be symmetrical and restrained—but none the less can be gay. The pair sketched above are in pale blue opaque plastic with silver spangles, the corners leaf-shaped

Heart-shaped faces (*above*) need a hat with a rounded (never a flat) top and accentuation at the sides. The spectacles should follow the same pattern, with special emphasis at the corners. Brow rims in this case are dark blue transparent plastic

The square face (*above*) is the only one which can wear a pillbox to effect: the hair should be drawn up and back, and the hat worn well forward. The spectacles, which have silver flowers at the corners, are of transparent red plastic with the centre in crystal to avoid a broadening horizontal line

FASHION

A well-known milliner and a leading optician

show how hats and spectacles

chosen together can enhance looks

An oblong face is a cloche hat face. This style both shortens and widens by overhanging the forehead and framing the temples. Spectacles are best butterfly-shaped to obviate squareness. These "Colour Tops" have interchangeable pliable colour rods to thread through and match up with every outfit

For the triangular face a hat with width at the temples, worn slanting, with some decoration to balance the jawline. The spectacles also should give width without hardness, and the ones illustrated have scalloped tops leading out to important rounded corners. Made of pale blue transparent plastic with silver spangles

The round face *opposite* needs a high, close hair style topped by a neat hat with a flower or bow over one eyebrow. The spectacles have a definite leaf design in jet which gives line and at the same time slants outwards, imparting a heart-shaped look to the face

SPECTACLES are the great new fashion accessory, and should be chosen with the same care as is given to choosing any other accessory. They should not be chosen in isolation, but inter-related with clothes, and particularly with the accessory which comes in closest proximity to them —the hat.

Spectacles can do a lot for a face—broaden a narrow one, balance a heavy jaw, brighten a pale complexion—and the first thing to do is to sit before a mirror and try on as many pairs as you would hats at a milliner. Decide on the spectacles which become you best, then, when you buy a new hat, be sure to wear the spectacles, so that you will get the whole effect.

If the spectacles are right for your face there is a better chance that the hat will be right for the spectacles.

We asked a well-known West End milliner, Mlle. Renée Pavy, and a leading manufacturing optician, Mr. Victor Sammes, to prescribe correct hats and spectacles for six basic shapes of face—oval, heart-shaped, square, round, oblong and triangular. Every face approximates to one of these shapes, so our drawings will serve as a guide to a certain extent when you choose your spectacles and hats. The most important item of colour, however, must be left to your own judgment. Rims of a warm shade, such as apricot, can add vividness and personality to a pale face.

It is no longer a disadvantage to wear spectacles, especially since the introduction—only two years ago—of the modern eyebrow sweep which is so flattering to the eyes. Another important innovation has been the nylon thread which runs round a groove in the base of the lenses and keeps them in place invisibly, thus doing away with the need for complete frames. Spectacles which are frameless under the lenses are lighter in appearance and, for this reason, more flattering to feminine features.

The spectacles of to-day, in fact, are designed with such skill and artistry that, far from detracting from the beauty of the wearer, they enhance it.

Carpets...

Illustrations by JANE HARVEY

Some of us avoid contemporary schemes for preference, and some because we have furnishings which cannot be changed. If this is so, a vivid carpet with pale washed or off-white walls will set the scene for a latter-day atmosphere. Plain neutral tone upholstery and sharp accents of colour, like a shrill note of pink, to complement the carpet make a flattering setting for the maturer type of furniture

Buying a carpet is a major expense.

Here are some facts to aid

you in making a good investment

AT present day prices a new carpet is almost a major capital investment. So we want to be sure that our cheque is buying, not only the pretty colour or pattern that caught our eye, but quality, too. All the same, there's no denying that one of the main functions of a carpet is to look decorative. Happily, some of the newest developments make it possible to have the best of both worlds.

No longer need we be torn, for example, because a scheme demands a plain carpet which we know in our heart of hearts is unpractical. For manufacturers are now producing mottled carpets with alternate tufts in, say, cherry and black or yellow and grey. The general effect is plain yet such carpets won't betray every minor household mishap.

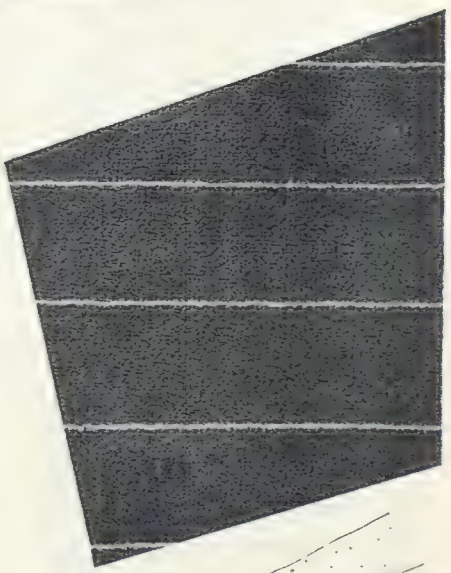
One large London shop has just invented its own ingenious answer to the problem with what it christens "patterned plains": small, all-over designs definite enough to be practical but not strong enough to banish all other patterns from the room.

But perhaps you're less worried about stains than the unsightly effect of tread marks on a plain carpet? If so, a carpet made from what is known as "hard twist" yarn is the answer. This has a slight curl which effectively disguises the "shading" that arises when some tufts are trodden down so that light is reflected from the sides instead of the tops.

You fancy a carpet "square"—which, oddly enough, is usually a rectangle—but no (*Continued on page* 70)

By

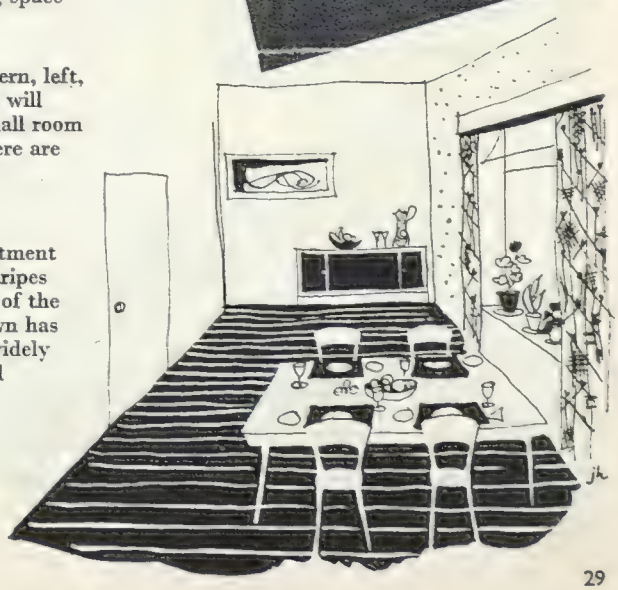
MICHAEL SHERIDAN



The large, lofty room, above,—and only one of this type—will take a bold all-over carpet design which has the effect of reducing overwhelming space

A small receding pattern, left, with an all-over design will make the walls of a small room seem farther away. Here are brown leaves on fawn

The long narrow apartment can be widened with stripes across the narrow way of the room. The carpet shown has narrow cream stripes widely spaced on a red ground



Carpets by Catesby's

to Celia with love

There were red opulent roses

and the conviction that pain and unhappiness

were too high a price to pay for honour

By IAIN CRAWFORD

Illustration by SCOTT-BROWN

WOMEN are strange creatures. Of course, I know that I am by no means the first man to make this profound statement, but its lack of originality makes it none the less true for me. Perhaps too, my application of it is unusual, for most men talk of women's strangeness in a derogatory sense, but I don't mean it that way at all. I delight in it. Take Celia, for instance.

Now Celia is far and away the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. That too, is a fairly common sentiment among young men and I don't deny that I may be prejudiced. In fact, I *am* prejudiced, hopelessly and completely and gloriously prejudiced.

But it is only fair—to Celia and to my prejudice—to point out that I am not alone in my opinion of her. Indeed that was what made it all seem so hopeless.

Everyone thinks Celia is beautiful. In consequence from the moment she appeared at Inverbeag University she was ardently pursued by every gay young blade in the place. Inside two weeks the Rugby fifteen were her devoted slaves and the male members of the Dialectic Society were pitifully eager to hear her opinion on any subject she chose.

From the austere seclusion of my post as a guide to the glories of English literature to the students of Inverbeag, it should have been amusing to watch all these young men falling over one another in their bumbling puppy-like fashion to please Celia.

Some of my colleagues on the staff found it so. Professor Dorward viewed with acid delight the shambles which Celia was making of the male hearts of the University. He made scholarly little jokes about it which I was unable to find amusing. But then he's over seventy and I'm—well, not much over thirty. Also, I was part of the shambles.

The day when Celia first walked into my lecture-room I was talking about John Donne. Indeed as she entered I was reading from one of the peoms.

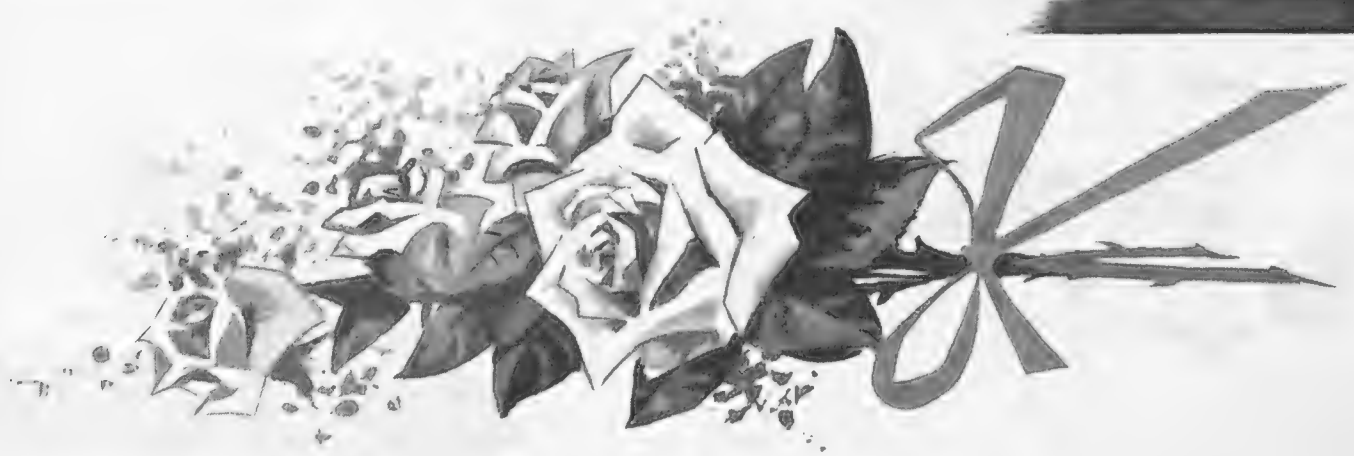
"We can die by it, if not live for love
And if unfit for tombs or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse."

Good job we needn't agree on poetry, I remember thinking. The Jacobeans were absurd about love—continually projecting a physical sensation into terms of lyricism, I thought sourly. And then I looked up and saw Celia.

All my theories and cynical philosophisings mouldered, withered and faded in my head. It became immediately clear that I was wrong—quite, quite wrong—about lyricism. For you can only describe Celia in terms of lyricism, impassioned lyricism.

No, perhaps I'm wrong. On thinking about it again, I don't believe that you can describe Celia at all.

Of course I could tell you that she has green eyes and soft fine hair with auburn lights in it. I could (*Continued on page* 60)



Scott-Brown

Exiles are returning to Donegal to share the new prosperity of the weavers and the young see their future in

The WEARIN' o' the TWEED

By MARY DELANE

The donkey is still the accepted means of locomotion in Donegal, lovely primitive land of the tweeds which have invaded the world of sophisticated fashion

THE fashion cycle has come round again and tweed is the darling of the designers. Perhaps this brings to mind the comfortable topcoat or the hardwearing country suit, but Fashion is not so easily predictable. Evening is equally the occasion this season for the wearin' o' the tweed.

Donegal, lovely fabled land tucked into the North-West Corner of Eire, is the birthplace of the tweeds which the great designers of London, Paris and New York have adopted for the uses of current fashion.

The new prosperity which has come to Donegal with recognition of the potentialities of their lovely traditional fabrics by the world's fashion designers opens new vistas to the peasant weavers of the green isle. But Gaeltarra Eireann (an Irish Government organization) have been working steadily behind the scenes to pave the way for the recognition that has now come.

These soft and supple fabrics, infinite in their variety of colour blends, in varying textures and in weights from chiffon-tweed (no more than five ounces to the yard) to coat weights of up to fifteen ounces, are today high fashion throughout the world.

Sybil Connolly, the Dublin designer and a bright new star in the fashion constellation, has been largely (*Continued on page 72*)

Tinkers are indigenous to Eire and trail their homes behind them with the skewbald and piebald ponies which are as characteristic of the scene as their owners

Weavers set up looms of their own in the Gaeltarra weaving shed, (*left*) as an overflow from the two-roomed croft where other members of the family occupy the precious room

The fretted coast is carved into countless estuaries

Photographs taken by the author near Ardara, in Donegal

Peat for the weaver's fire is dug from the bogs and brought home in the donkey cart for stacking outside the croft to dry in the sun

From the featherweight hand weaves of Donegal the *haute couture* designers are producing their most elegant day and evening gowns. The one pictured here is by Sybil Connolly

By tradition the Donegal weaver is an independent man. He is content if he owns his croft, his cow and his precious loom

Smooth contours and bold colour harmonies carry the contemporary theme to cushions

Whether contemporary or traditional, comfort calls for . . .

CUSHIONS

The contemporary look is smooth. It admits of no frills and scarcely an undulation on its slick surfaces; but, withal, comfort is there and cushions in the contemporary scheme conceal the same squashy comfort behind their more strident colouring as those with a more traditional look.

The squared-up contours of the latex foam cushion are no less inviting to relax on than its frilliest ancestors, and they are simple to make. Buy the latex squares and fit a box-edged cover with piping at the seams. Otherwise over a feather or kapok filling, make covering in strips of vivid contrasting colour, or with the one colour on top and another underneath. Make them oblong, square, triangular or round, but make them plain. Felt, linen, fur fabric, knobbled weave wool fabrics, or smooth printed cottons are *au fait* in the contemporary scheme. The lustrous finishes of silk and velvet are not.

A simple decoration for one-colour cushions consists of machine stitched circles or squares in black or self coloured cotton, increasing in size at equally spaced intervals from the centre.

In the traditional scheme quilted cushions seem more luxurious than any, and if you are making your own, hand quilting is far simpler to do than its looks suggest. Use silk velvet for the most luxurious effect. Rayon velvet or velveteen is not good for the purpose. One yard of silk velvet will make a very elegant cushion, though it will be necessary to have a seam across the underside of the cushion. For an unseamed back, a yard and a quarter of velvet is necessary.

Stamped muslin quilting designs can be had at any art needlework shop. Choose a clearly defined pattern, if it is your first attempt, and having cut the velvet to the required size and shape tack the muslin in position on the wrong side of the velvet.

Working on the muslin side, outline the design with neat running stitches in Briorich silk to match the velvet. When all the outlines are filled thread a tapestry needle with quilting wool (made for the purpose) and run it through all the channels left between the muslin and the velvet, which form the pattern. That is all there is to quilting.

Shadow quilting which is used on the cushion on the left of the picture below is done by using a vivid colour wool for padding in place of the usual white. If the colour is brilliant enough it shows through on the right side of the cushion in a pretty pastel contrast to the velvet. Bright red wool shows faintly pink and emerald a pastel green. The more startling the colour of the wool the better the effect. Quilting wool is only made in white, so for shadow work use double knitting wool.

Left (Above): shadow quilting on oyster velvet. *Centre*: an easy quilting design of interlaced triangles. *Right*: shadow quilting which is outlined on the right side with stemstitch

By

URSULA

BLOOM

It's a big decision to make — but there is good value to be had if you go the right way about it

By GWEN ROBYNS

BUYING *a* *secondhand* CAR

WITH the first fall of autumn leaves comes the annual drop in the price of secondhand cars. All through the summer prices have been at their peak, but now the urge to "get rid of the car and buy a new one next spring" has set in.

Frankly, it is quite a decision even for the fairly expert driver to make, and for every "good buy" you hear of be sure there is a bad one waiting for the first sucker that comes along.

An infallible rule is to choose a reliable dealer. If you live in the city, go to one of the well-established firms. Steer clear of the smooth gentleman on the curb who will offer you "just the job" at what appears to be a much more reasonable price than elsewhere.

For country dwellers I would pin my faith every time on the local garage. In small towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody else, it is more than a man's living is worth to sell a dud. There is the added attraction that he will take much more interest in servicing one of his own cars for you afterwards.

A friend of mine bought a secondhand car from his local dealer in Sussex. He paid £130 for it and naturally didn't expect the moon. But he did notice on a trial run that the gears were a bit odd. However, he bought it on the guarantee that if anything went wrong with the gears within three months, it would be fixed free of charge.

A week later the gear box seized up. True it was only a matter of ten pounds, but you could run a car quite a few miles with the petrol that would buy. The garage honoured its bargain and fixed the gears without charge. After using it for a year, he sold the car back to the same dealer and did not drop a penny because the dealer knew that it had been well-kept under his own care.

From personal experience, I would choose every time a car that has had a careful owner against one that has had several hands on the steering wheel. For this reason, the first thing you do is look at the registration book and see for yourself. If the car is not very old and the log book is not the original but a "continuation" book, you can assume that there have been several changes of ownership.

There are two ways of doing your check-up. If you are a real greenhorn the safest thing to do is to place your faith and hard cash in the hands of the R.A.C. or A.A. Both these excellent organizations have a service available to members. The R.A.C. charges three guineas and the A.A. three pounds five shillings, for a test by an expert. He will spend an hour or so on a thorough body and mechanical check-up, and then take the car for a road test. Within two or three days you get a thorough, written report with a candid recommendation. A good alternative is to ask a competent, independent garage to give you a written report.

In either case you must interpret the report according to the price asked for the car. There are very few used cars at under £200 which can be expected to give trouble-free service.

THE enthusiast will probably prefer to do the job himself. In this case there is a formula. First look at the body work and chassis closely. You can always replace an engine if you have a good foundation. Examine that stained headlining carefully for it could mean a permanently leaking roof.

A newly-fitted carpet might be a cover-up for rotting floor-boards, which could necessitate expensive repairs. Surface rust on the floor boards is (*Continued on page 70*)

The OUTSIDER

She saw Dick turning, looking towards her, waiting for her. Then, suddenly, the crowd seemed to close in, surge forward

By ELIZABETH ROSSITER

Illustrations by SAWYER

ALL the morning the crowds were converging steadily on to the Downs; the cars were crawling up through Epsom nose to tail in a cloud of dust and petrol fumes, the coaches and special buses decanted load after load of people that intermingled with the thousands streaming out of the station on to the ridge at Tattenham Corner that overlooks the wide, sparkling expanse of the racecourse and the downs beyond.

Crowds everywhere; the family parties out on the spree, the children clutched by Mum's protective hand, Dad with the bags with the packets of sandwiches, the beer and lemonade; the bottle-nosed, hard-eyed men to whom this was no spree but serious business, and the little baggy-eyed ones who remind one somehow of decrepit bloodhounds; tipsters and bookmakers and tic-tac men, newsboys shouting "midday special," stalls selling ices and candy-floss, vendors of race cards and favours and all kinds of useless nonsense.

There was noise, dust, traffic and over it all the bored, impersonal voice from the loudspeakers, repeating the warning to "the public on the Downs" to buy only the official race cards. . . .

At the end of the course was the grandstand, the Royal Box and the Enclosure, the big glossy motors and men in grey top hats and their elegant women, sleek as prize kittens in lovely clothes and summery hats. But it was not really their day, for this was not Ascot, but the Derby.

The Derby; not just a race, but a peculiarly English institution, Dick had explained, a kind of unofficial national holiday. Janey Campbell looked eagerly out of the window of the car as they nosed patiently along, absorbed in the scene, storing it up in the gallery of experiences she had

acquired since she came to England from Sydney, six months before.

Already, in her mind, she was writing the letter home that would describe it all. There were four of them in the car; Dick, who was driving, and Janey, and in the back seat, Tony and Elaine, whose cool elegance was really worthy of a seat in the grandstand. She looked out of the car like Marie Antoinette gazing at the mob, and said in her light pretty voice "Pretty slummy, really, isn't it? But fascinating in an awful sort of way."

Janey frowned a little; Elaine so often made her feel uncomfortable; naïve and stupid and uncouth. Really she thought the whole thing was bonzer, but she had already learnt this was one of the things she did not say. Instead, she said carefully that she thought it was rather fun; but then, she had never been to the Derby before.

"But there's plenty of racing in Australia, isn't there?" Tony asked.

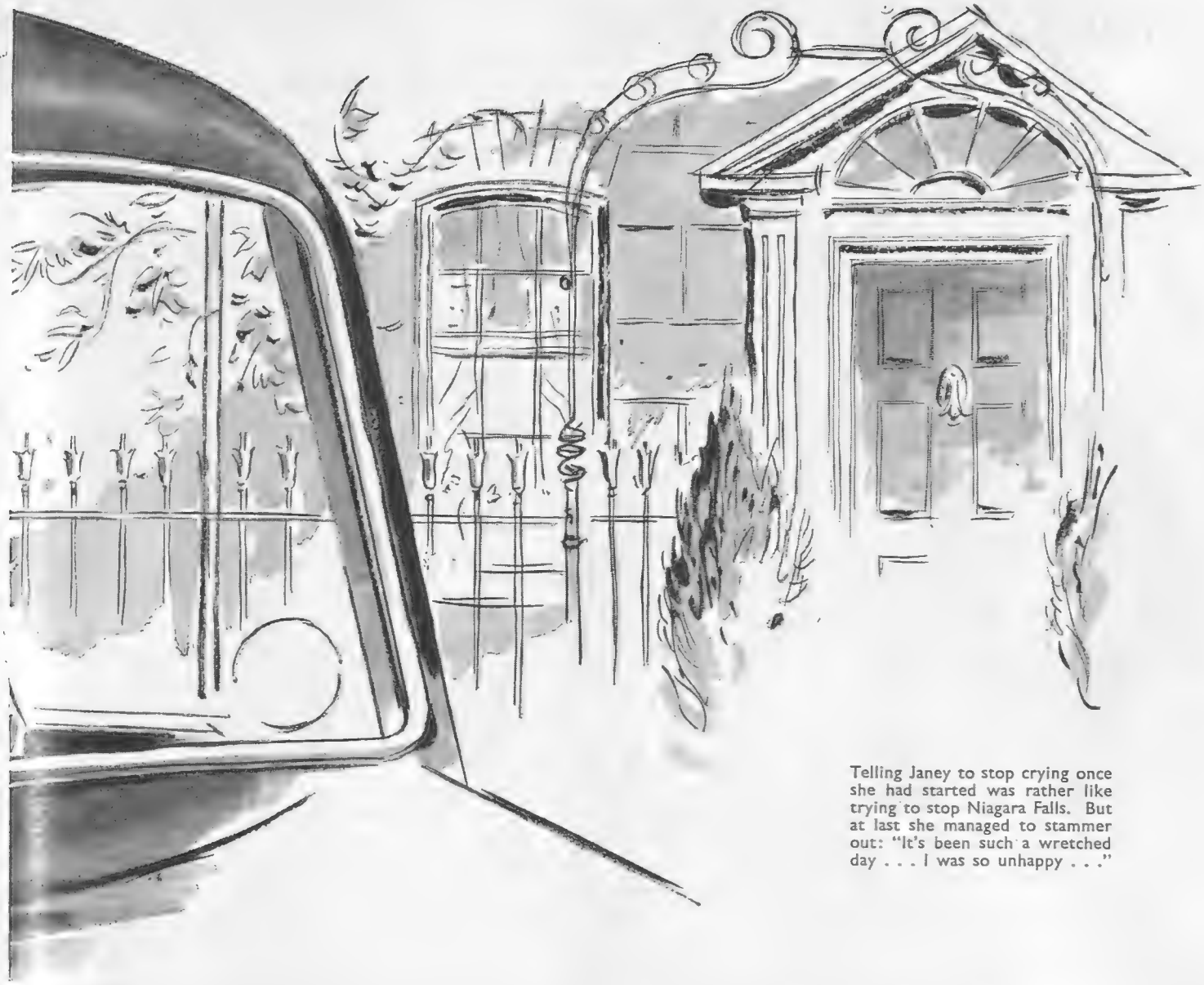
"Oh, yes. But the family don't care for it. So I've never been to a race meeting before. It's a bit different, I believe. No bookmakers. Only the Tote. . . ."

Dick had said, I'll take you to the Derby. No visitor to England should miss seeing the Derby. She had looked forward to it so much. She would have looked forward to a whole day with Dick wherever he had taken her.

Then, somehow, Elaine and Tony had succeeded in asking themselves along too. Janey tried not to feel that her day had been spoiled; it was silly to be upset about it, there would be other days. She hoped so, anyway; she must try, she told herself, not to hope too hard, not to feel so intensely about Dick, who had certainly been kind and charming, and had taken her about and given her a good time, but had given her no real reason to think that he felt about her in the same kind of way. Or had he?

She couldn't be sure, because she didn't really understand him properly. She found it hard, sometimes, to understand the English; they seemed to her very pleasant, but their bland good manners gave very little away.

JANEY had come to England to study art. It would have been more appropriate to go to Paris, she supposed, really, but her parents were not too happy about that, and even to Janey's adventurous spirit the rather vague conception of setting herself up in a garret on the Left Bank seemed a little too much of a plunge. When she was twenty-one she came into a small inheritance left her by her grandfather, old man Campbell who had gone out to Sydney with his young wife fifty years before.



Telling Janey to stop crying once she had started was rather like trying to stop Niagara Falls. But at last she managed to stammer out: "It's been such a wretched day . . . I was so unhappy . . ."

So Janey's dream of going to Europe came true, and she landed in England one cold, drizzly day, shivering in an unsuitably thin suit, her self-confidence plunging with the fall in temperature. At first she had been unbearably lonely and homesick, but after a while she found her feet; followed up her introductions, was accepted at the Slade, and began to make friends. One of these friends was Dick. Very different though he was in background and outlook from the boys she knew in Sydney, there was yet something about him that reminded her of home. Perhaps it was just that he was so big, tall and rangy and rather slow-spoken, and like so many big men, a wonderfully gentle person.

His size was reassuring to Janey's confidence, because she was a big girl, and the English women with their smaller stature often made her feel enormous and clumsy. She was humble by nature and had no idea that with her long limbs, her casual, controlled grace, and the tan of an Australian summer still fresh on her cheeks, she looked rather like a young goddess. Because she was humble, she thought it very unlikely that Dick would fall in love with her, and if she had not been so healthy, the nights she spent thinking about him instead of sleeping would have given her a distinctly peaky look.

She always remembered the night when she first knew that she loved Dick. He had taken her to visit some friends of his; it was a cold lowering day with a bitter north-east wind. It had been very cosy and pleasant; they were nice people, and Janey enjoyed the evening, sitting beside a huge open fire while talk flowed easily along. Then their host, saying something about a draught, had gone to the window. . . . "It's snowing," he said.

"What!" Janey exclaimed. "*Snow!*"

From then on, she wanted nothing so much as to leave. She had never seen snow; she had no real conception of what it was like, though she had seen pictures of it, of course, white cotton-woolly looking stuff. . . .

WHEN they left, they walked out into a new world, the streets already covered, the snow falling silently, persistently, clothing everything with its white, soft, glimmering cloak. Janey gasped, and ran forward; she scooped it up off the pavement, rubbing the soft cold stuff against her face, holding it in her hands, laughing and exclaiming over it. Her hair was powdered with the snow, her skin glowed rosily beneath it; her eyes were enormous, the thrilled, delighted eyes of a child with a Christmas-tree. Then she realized that Dick was staring at her. He said nothing, just stood and stared, and suddenly she was overcome with confusion: "You must think I'm crazy," she faltered.

HE smiled and nodded. "Crazy," he repeated softly. "Sweet, crazy, lovely darling. . . ." It was very quiet; they were quite alone in the street and he took her in his arms and kissed her, while the snow continued to fall on her upturned face, her closed eyelids. . . .

Janey had been kissed before. She had fancied herself in love before. So she was sure about this immediately. It was something new. Never before, certainly, had she felt like this about anybody. They walked back to the hostel where Janey lived, hand in hand through the snow, and she was very happy. But since then, she had been out with Dick often; he had kissed her again, (*Continued on page 74*)

SCOOP-NECK JERSEY

EASY TO MAKE

Two items for your knitting programme: a jersey in Crepella—a soft-textured rayon yarn—and a boy's sweater that could answer a gift problem

Photographs by John Cole

Instructions for this jersey are designed for Crepella rayon yarn and are only suitable for that material

MATERIALS required: 8 oz. of Crepella (Light-weight hand knitting crêpe) in light ecru colour. 1 pair each of Nos. 11, 13 and 14 Stratnoid knitting pins. To fit a 36-in. bust. Tension: In st.st. 9 sts. and 11 rows to 1 inch. Length: 11¾ ins. from welt edge to beginning of armhole

THE BACK

Cast on 130 sts. with No. 13 needles and rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3¼ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and st.st. Work 4 rows increasing 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th row until there are 164 sts. Work without shaping until work measures 11¾ ins.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row 3 times. (148 sts.) Work until armhole measures 8½ in. on the straight.

Shape shoulders.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Shape neck.—Cast off 6 sts., k. 36, cast off 28 st., k. 40. Cast off 6 sts., purl to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Cast off 6 sts., k. to end. Cast off 6 sts., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Cast off 6 sts., knit to end. Cast off 6 sts., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Cast off. Work on other 36 sts. to match for other side.

THE FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 134 sts. Rib k. 2, p. 2 for 3¼ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and st.st. Work 4 rows. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row until there are 170 sts. Work without shaping until work measures 11¾ ins.

Shape armhole and neck.—Cast off 5 sts., k. 63, cast off 34 sts., k. 68. Work on these 68 sts. for right side. Cast off 5 sts., purl to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Cast off 7 sts., knit to end. P. 2 tog. at each end of row. Cast off 2 sts., knit to end. P. 2 tog. at each end of row. Cast off 2 sts., knit to end. P. 2 tog. at each end of row. K. 2 tog., knit to end.

Purl next row. Knit next row.

Purl to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Knit next row.

Purl 1 row.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., knit to end.

Work without shaping until armhole measures the same as the back (41 sts.).

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 7 sts. every other row 4 times and 6 sts. twice. Work other side to correspond, starting at neck edge with the cast off 7 sts. Sew up right shoulder seam.

With right side of work facing and No. 13 needles pick up 133 sts. down left side of neck to centre front and 133 sts. on right side, and 81 sts. across the back (347 sts.). K. 2, * p. 2, k. 3 * repeat * to * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Next row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 3 * repeat from * to * to last 4 sts., k. 2, p. 2. Repeat these 2 rows 3 times. k. 2 tog. * p. 2, k. 1, k. 2 tog. * Repeat from * to * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. Work in k. 2, p. 2 rib until work measures 2¼ ins. then change to No. 14 needles. With right side of work facing, work 2 rows, take a length of shirring elastic and in the next row catch up the elastic when knitting one of the k. sts. all along row. Work 2 rows. Change to No. 13 needles and work 1¾ ins. With wrong side of work facing, k. 1, m. 1 (*continued on page* 69)

FOR AN 8-yr.-OLD

POLO-NECK SWEATER

MATERIALS: 7 oz. of yellow Torpedo "F.H." 4-ply Knitting Wool and 1 oz. of brown. 1 pair each of Nos. 12 and 13 needles; 4 small hooks and eyes. The chest measures 27 ins. Length 16-18 ins. as required. Sleeve length 15-17 ins. as required. Tension 17 stitches and 21 rows to 2 ins. Check tension by knitting a small piece first

THE BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 99 sts. and rib as follows :

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 1) to end, p. 1.

2nd row.—(K. 1, p. 1) to end, k. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 24 times.

Change to the larger needles and st.st. and inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th row, then every 6th row until 115 sts. on needle.

Complete depth required to armhole, 10 ins. average size.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every row until 93 sts. remain.

Complete 3 ins. of armhole shaping.

Leave centre back opening as follows : **Next row.**—Right side facing, k. 47 sts., turn and work 22 rows, finishing at armhole end.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 rows starting from the armhole end, and leave remaining 23 sts. on needle. Work up other side of opening on the 46 sts. to correspond, finishing with 22 for the neck.

THE FRONT

Work exactly as for the back to the end of the armhole shaping, work 10 rows more making 20 rows of armhole shaping completed.

COMMENCE CHART PATTERN

Next row.—Right side facing, k. to end.

2nd row.—Wrong side facing, p. 51 yellow, join brown wool and p. 6 brown, p. 5 yellow, p. 1 brown, p. 30 yellow.

Work on in chart pattern continuing as started, reading next row from right to left of chart. Complete the 26 rows of chart pattern.

Work 2 rows more in yellow.

Shape Neck.—Place the centre 25 sts. on to a spare pin. Now work on the sts. either side of neck and decrease at neck edge on each of the next 10 rows.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 3 rows starting from the armhole end. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

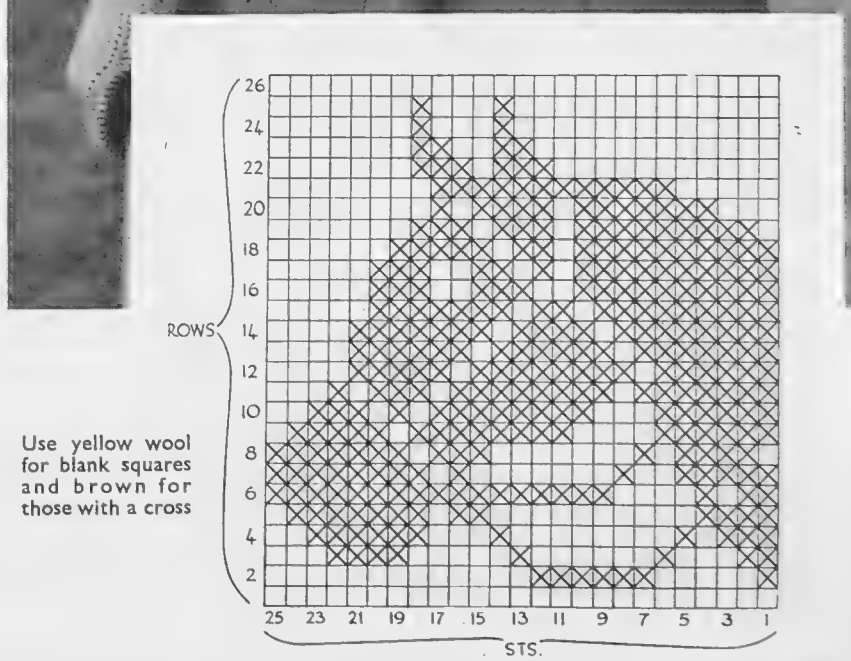
With finer needles, cast on 49 sts. and rib 24 rows as for the welted edge. Change to the larger needles and st.st. and continuing, inc. at each end of the 9th row then every 8th row until 79 sts. on needle. Complete length required.

Shape Top.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows then dec. at each end of the next 30 rows, cast off the remaining 13 sts.

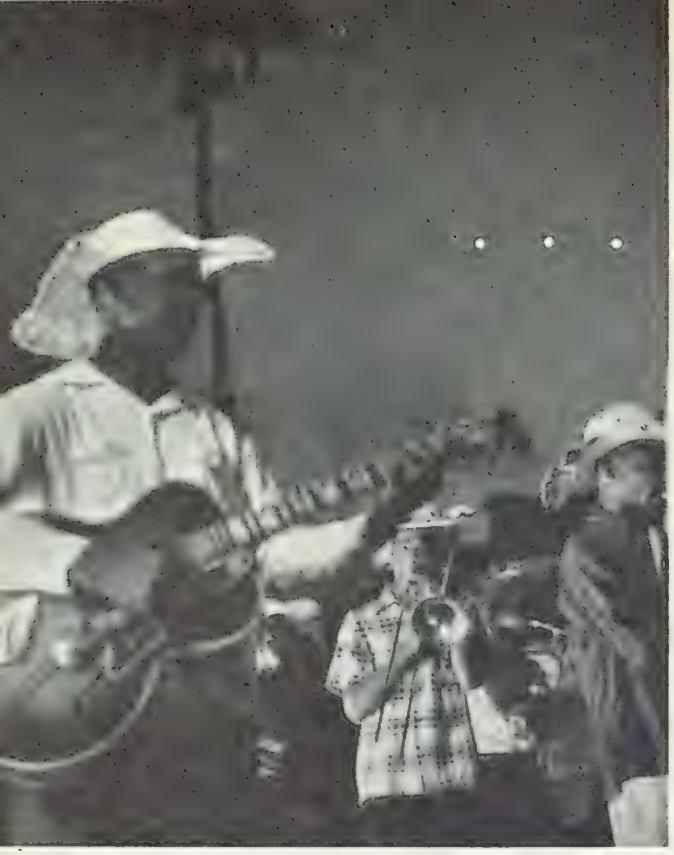
BACK OPENING

With finer needles, pick up 1 st. into each of the sts. down right side, and up left side of opening. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 5 rows, cast off loosely on 6th row and in rib.

(*Continued on page* 69)



Use yellow wool for blank squares and brown for those with a cross



"Recording in syncopated ballad the great events of the day and the delicious follies of the night"

Calypso!

By

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

The "ping pong" of steel bands, the boneless ripple of Caribbean dancing seen and heard under a tropic moon are a far cry from the steps and rhythms which have invaded the Western world

Rumbas and congas in Cuba . . . the beguine in Martinique and the calypso in Trinidad where this picture was taken

YEARS ago, when I was growing up, I met a pretty Cuban girl. I was invited to stay on her family's plantation, up country, in the Provincia del Oriente. A timely present from a godfather enabled me to accept.

Habana flashed, lush, expensive under a September sun that was ferociously well-preserved. At night, the radiant ghost of Morro Castle seemed to float off its rock into the sea—my first experience of flood lighting—while a twanging and a clicking filled the velvet night with a rhythm entirely new to me. I had heard something of Cuban music and its powers, of how a president had recently been hounded from office by an irreverent *conga*. Strange syncopated sounds tantalized me from a distance, from the low dives of the waterfront and La Playa. In the elegant Casino Nacional, on the other hand, where I was taken that first evening, before taking the train up country they danced only to Gershwin's ditties or the *paso doble*. The coloured lower classes, my host admitted, might have dances of their own; but they were unrefined, ugly, shameless. I was made to blush for my curiosity about native music.

Next day, during the oppressive train journey to the plantation it rained like a Scotch douche; a solid jet of water that knocked all the air away. At the rail-head I learned that the road to the plantation had been washed out. My hosts could not fetch me till morning. I must perforce sleep at the one hotel. In a bare tiled bedroom I was soon lulled to sleep by the throb of rain.

A few hours later, I suddenly woke. The rain had ceased, the moon was shining, and another throb had replaced that of the rain—drums, many drums. Sleepily I went to the window, and in a moment was wide awake. On the large *plaza*, or square, there was a raised platform and on the platform a group of dark musicians with cigar-shaped drums, gourds, bones, bottles, and a saxophone or two, were playing music such as I had distantly heard in Habana, but a hundred times more commanding; more sensuous.

It was my first sight of the *rumba* and of the *Afro-Cubano*. For three centuries the slaves had danced it up country like this; but not even in an emasculate form had it yet found favour with smart Cuban society, or caught the whim of the outside world.

Four pretty girls appeared, wearing feathery frilled skirts with long trains. They began to knead the ground with no shuffling of the feet, as in North American dancing, but with a flexing and straightening of the articulations that was entirely feline, and which sent fluid irresistible ripples up their gleaming bodies to wash against the breakwaters of dark shoulders. Four young men now sprang towards them, in feathery white shirts, and as the trumpets fell silent, leaving only a bang and click of percussion, the eight of them proceeded to mime the ruffling arrogance of barnyard courtship.

It was an exquisite sight. A sort of mass hysteria seized the crowd, and the whole square was filled with convulsively twitching figures, many of them stamping alone, or even rolling rhythmically in the dust. The spectacle was exciting in a way I can only compare to that which one gets from fine *flamenco* dancing. For despite its predominant African strain, it was Spanish in its frenzied dignity and the precision of its footwork. (*Continued on page* 69)

. . . A suppleness of movement and lack of self-consciousness that Western life has almost destroyed

Cookery by . . .

SWEET

Jambon à l'ananas et aux cerises . . .

Colours and flavours blend happily together, making a delectable dish that will delight the most discerning palate. The recipe, on the opposite page, is simple to prepare. The ham, baked Hawaiian style, is garnished with pineapple slices and maraschino cherries.

. . . Janet Darby

—with *MEAT*

Whet the appetite by garnishing meat dishes with fruit. Here are some unusual combinations: stewed or pickled plums with beef; gooseberries, either stewed or as a sauce, with pork; pineapple or tinned apricots with ham; marmalade or cherry jam with pork sausages; greengages, stewed in vinegar and sugar, with lamb or mutton; cherries or thin slices of fresh orange in a syrup with veal; fried bananas with steak or fried chicken.

COME to think of it, we are a bit conservative about flavours, and especially about combinations of them. Meat goes with vegetables, we say; with the exception, of course, of such time-honoured classics as mutton with redcurrant jelly, pork with apple sauce.

Sometimes, at Christmas, we are quite daring and adopt the American habit of serving cranberry sauce with turkey. An excellent beginning, though I am far from advocating a general mêlée of fruit, meat, fish and salad which the adventurous Americans have adopted so enthusiastically.

Let us be discriminating, and decide which fruit goes with which meat, adopting as our general principle the undoubted fact that rich and fat meats are rendered more appetizing and digestible when accompanied by fruit sauces or stuffings.

There is nothing like the sweet-sour touch to revive flagging appetites. In the heat of India the hot, spicy, fruity curry is first favourite; Argentina combines peaches and pears with beef, *carbonada a la criolla*. I first tasted *curried veal and pineapple* in Belgium, although I am sure this delectable dish did not originate there; *pork n' prunes* is Lithuanian in origin; France contributed *caneton à l'orange*, and America the *veal fruit stuffing*. *Lamb chops and pineapple* were part of an American reducing diet I once tried. I no longer diet, but I still eat lamb chops and pineapple.

The recipes for these dishes are given below. I invite you to try them, and then to experiment with further combinations.

CARBONADA A LA CRIOLLA

1 small onion, minced; 2 oz. butter or margarine; 1 tomato, skinned and chopped; 1 lb. minced beef; 1 pinch salt, pepper to taste; ¼ cup stock (or 1 bouillon cube); 3 pears, peeled and halved; 6 halved peaches, tinned or fresh; 3 potatoes, diced, ½ cup seedless raisins.

Melt the fat and gently fry the minced onions till transparent, then add tomatoes. Fry for two minutes, stirring, then add the minced meat, stirring until it is browned all over. Add seasoning and stock. Cover the pan, and keep it gently simmering for ¾ hour. Now add the potatoes, cover again and cook for 15 minutes, then add the peaches, pears and raisins. Cook for five minutes only, and serve very hot with boiled rice. This quantity makes three good portions.

CURRIED VEAL AND PINEAPPLE

1 lb. boneless veal (fillet is best); 1 oz. dripping; 1 heaped teaspoon curry powder; 1 onion; pinch of ground ginger and cinnamon; 1 dessertspoon dessicated coconut; 1 dessertspoon flour; juice of half a lemon; salt to taste; ½ cup stock; ½ cup pineapple juice; 6 pineapple slices; 4 rashers of bacon.

Chop the onion, cut the meat into cubes; melt the dripping and brown the meat in it, cooking quickly. Add the chopped onion, and stir well, then cook gently for ten minutes. Now add the curry powder, flour, spices and lemon juice, then gradually stir in the stock and the fruit juice. Cook very gently for half an hour, then add the coconut and simmer for another ten minutes. Roll the bacon, stick each roll on a skewer, and grill for five minutes. Put the pieces of pineapple on a dish to heat through in the oven. Then allow one piece and one rasher for each person, pouring the curry over it. Serve with rice.

PORK N' PRUNES

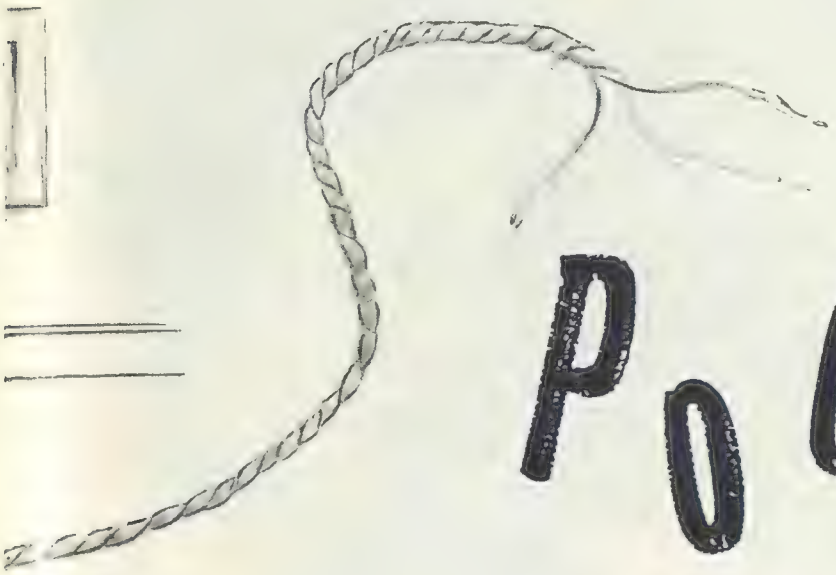
¼ lb. prunes (soaked overnight); 1 lemon; ½ oz. dripping; 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste; 1 lb. pork; 1 oz. flour.

Cover the prunes with fresh cold water and stew gently with the rind of a lemon until tender. Strain the juice into a bowl, and remove the stones from the prunes. Cut the pork into good-sized cubes, (*Continued on page* 69)

LET
YOUR DOG
KILLED MY CAT

If the Pooch was brought back this time, nobody would be there to take him in.

Whatever happened, the farmer and the dog would have to settle it themselves . . .



Pooch

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

PROF. EDWARD PARKER, in sandals, khaki slacks and a tennis-shirt, was cleaning the dog hairs out of the car when the paper boy flung the afternoon paper towards the door. The Pooch, lying in the grass beside the drive, looked at him expectantly and Ted said: "Fetch!" The Pooch ran to the paper, nosed it, looked at Ted with what he would have sworn was a scowl, and trotted to the front door. Funny, Ted thought. I wonder if he knows, in some extra-sensory way, what's up.

He tucked the brush under the front seat, picked up the newspaper, and went to the front door. The Pooch was there ahead of him. "No," Ted said, and the nondescript little dog's ears dropped. He looked at him with accusation in his brown eyes, and Ted relented. "Oh, all right, come on in."

The Pooch lunged inside, skidded on the hall rug, leaped into the living-room, *his* living-room. Dashed to the big easy chair, *his* chair, and settled himself. Until two months ago it had been Ted's chair.

Mrs. Parker appeared from the kitchen. "Paper come?" she asked. The Pooch looked at her, his nose wriggling eagerly. "Snoopy!" she exclaimed. "Do you know every time I put a roast in the oven?"

"He just hopes you did," Ted said, opening the paper to the want ads. "Well, here it is. 'Puppy To Give Away. Black cocker type, friendly, house-trained——'"

"Shh!" Mrs. Parker shushed him. She nodded towards the Pooch, who was listening, ears up, attentive.

They read the ad. silently, and Ted said: "That should do it. He *is* a cocker type, more or less. So friendly he'll push you right out of your chair. And he eats anything.

"Anything," Mrs. Parker replied, "that we eat. Steak, rare roast beef, baked ham—any choice cut, well cooked, with plenty of gravy."

"He *has* eaten dog food," Ted insisted.

"Well soaked with gravy or cream. Or what ever we're eating."

She went back to the kitchen and Ted sat down on the couch to read the news. The dog watched him. Every time Ted glanced up he met those big, brown, watching eyes. Not exactly accusing; quizzical, rather. Almost amused. Ted tried to ignore him. He had tried, off and on, for two months.

They had just settled down to their first freedom. No responsibilities, children settled, the world open. Walter had finished at the university and was in his first job. Meg was in her last year at boarding school. Ted had a long holiday. No more teenagers cluttering the house. The gramophone silenced. Left-overs safe in the refrigerator. And he and Margaret free to come and go as they pleased. Their plans were made—loaf for a while, then set out in the car, taking that long-deferred leisurely trip to Scotland. Free as birds.

Two days after Meg was happily off to school, the Pooch appeared. Out of nowhere. He came and settled himself on the front doorstep. Ted tried to drive him away, but he always came back, pleading for acceptance.

"I wonder why the people who own him don't come and get him," queried Ted.

"They will. He's just lost. See the way he looks at you, Ted? He almost ignores me, but he practically implores you to give him a pat and a kind word."

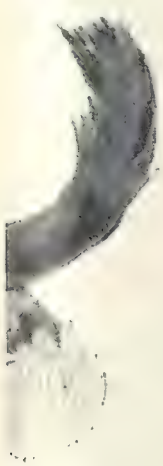
Ted looked at the dog. "Tramp!" he said. "Go on home!"

The dog wagged its tail eagerly, came over and licked Ted's hand.

THE next morning, while Ted was in town, Margaret fed the dog. "After all," she told him later, "you can't let even a stray dog starve to death at your own front door." Ted called her Softie. It was that evening that the dog appropriated his reading chair.

"What are you going to call him?" Margaret asked, laughing.

"Give that thing a name?" Ted shook his head. "Some day I'd like to have a dog. But not a tramp. When we get a dog it's going to be one we pick out, one with background and personality. Not you, Mutt!" Mutt lifted his lip in a gesture surprisingly like a smile. "I will say this for him, he's had some



Illustrations by RAY WARD

"Of course," she said, "we can't keep a *truculent* dog." Her own voice was restrainedly truculent

kind of upbringing. Perfectly house-trained, doesn't chew rugs, doesn't chase cats, properly reserved with guests, doesn't bite the milkman. But he's still a mutt and a tramp. Just a pooch."

So The Pooch, The Mutt, The Tramp, Stinky, Worthless, Nuisance, Schemer—he waggled happily to any name—settled himself into the household, politely fond of Margaret, devoted to Ted.

Time passed. At last Ted said: "We leave on the trip two weeks from today. I'm going to do something about the Interloper." So he put the ad. in the paper, "Puppy To Give Away."

The phone rang just twenty minutes after the paper arrived. Ted answered it. "Why ,yes! Yes, we're the ones with the dog to give away. . . . Very friendly indeed. Well-mannered, a perfect pet. We're going away for a long holiday, and ——"

The woman at the other end of the line had two boys. The older boy owned a big collie. The younger boy wanted a dog of his own, a small dog.

"Just the dog for you," Ted replied. The woman said she would be right over.

Ted hung up and started for the kitchen. The Pooch sat up, fixed him with two large brown eyes. Ted avoided the look, which was definitely accusing. "Margaret!" he shouted. "I've got a home for him!"

He told Margaret about the arrangement. Margaret frowned. "I don't know. With another dog, a big dog, Poochie may be cowed and bullied."

Ted laughed. "That's their worry." Then the phone rang again. It was another inquiry. A man, who was looking for a pet for his five-year-old daughter. "Sorry," Ted said, "someone else——"

"Take the name," Margaret shouted, "just in case Poochie isn't happy with that big dog."

THE Pooch met him as he returned to the living-room. He went to the front door, mutely asked to be let out.

"Do you suppose he knows——"

"Put the leash on him," Margaret said, "and take him out."

Ted took the dog out of doors. While they were out, two more calls came. Margaret took the names.

The woman who had called first arrived. She was the kind of woman who loves dogs and children, quietly firm in her opinions, friendly, self-assured. She thought the Pooch was a darling. Her little boy would love him.

"Your other dog," Margaret asked, "isn't a bully, I hope."

"Mac?" The woman laughed. "Old Mac is the most friendly creature alive! What do you call him? My little boy wants to call him Hoppy."

Ted smiled. He leaned over, held out his hand and said, "Come, Hoppy!" The Pooch wagged his tail and came.

The woman was delighted. She had brought a leash. She snapped it on Hoppy's collar. Hoppy looked at Ted with an almost sardonic gleam in his eye and walked sedately out to the car with the woman. Margaret went with them. "I wish," Margaret said, "you would phone and let us know how your little boy likes him. And please don't let the big dog bully him. Will you?"

"Mac?" The woman laughed. Hoppy gravely seated himself beside her, gave Margaret (*Continued on page 71*)

By CHRYSIS

Open your mouth and Shut your eyes

. . . and see what these facial exercises will bring you

TAKE a candid look at yourself in the mirror. Examine the contours of your face and note the signs, if they are there, which tell that muscles are loosing their youthful elasticity.

It may seem too early to anticipate the passing of youth, but the decline of muscle tone begins long before it shows. So care of the muscles, whose work it is to support the skin and tissues and maintain the contours of youth, can hardly begin too early.

Keeping a straight face leaves the muscles immobile; but exercise gives them the "massage" which movement brings to other parts of the body.

Try these facial gymnastics. Use them regularly when you are alone. They will, in time, restore the firmness of muscles if they have begun to sag and prevent this happening if you have merely let them get slack.

Facial gymnastics—like massage—stimulate the flow of blood to the surface of the skin, feeding the hungry tissues with life. Intermittent exercises are good, but without a good head posture at all times their good work is minimised.

The secret of a well-poised head is to keep the back of the neck "long" and to hold the chin in—and, above all, relax! Tension—and we are often unaware of it—chisels lines on the forehead, compresses the mouth and frames the eyes with wrinkles.

Relax your facial muscles *always*, and in between times try these beautifying exercises.

REPEAT each of the following exercises three times, breathing deeply and slowly as you do them keeping both your eyes closed.

1. TO TONE NECK MUSCLES

With elbows wide apart and the head well up, place the thumbs on the clavicles and press the fingers on the back of the neck. With the mouth wide open and the chin stretched, move the lower jaw from left to right, then right to left, and so on.

2. TO PRESERVE THE CHINLINE

Hold the head up straight, put your elbows on a table with the hands cupped round the face so that the fingers are at the temples and thumbs under the chin. Half-open the mouth, put out your tongue, pushing upwards towards the nose, then downwards towards the chin. You will be able to feel the muscles of the jaw bracing as you carry out this exercise.

3. TO FIRM THE MOUTH AND KEEP THE LIPS SHAPELY

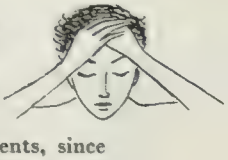
Put your elbows on the table and take your face between your hands with the fingertips on the temples. Open your mouth slowly, stretching lips as much as possible over teeth. Then close the lips again slowly into the shape of a small O.

4. TO PREVENT CROW'S FEET AND CREPE EYELIDS

With elbows on the table and the face between the hands, press the fingertips lightly on the temples. Close your eyes, then open the right one and look upwards towards the right temple. Close the eyes and repeat the same exercise with the left eye. Make the movements slowly.

6. AND THIS IS HOW TO RELAX...

Put your elbows on the table, resting them on your hands. Let your features relax until all tension is gone. Cover the eyes with your cupped hands (right fingers covering left fingers), so that you see nothing. Keep your eyes shut and covered until you feel heat on the eyelids. Then, still without taking the hands away, slowly open and shut the eyes, breathing deeply. Keep this one up for at least ten minutes.

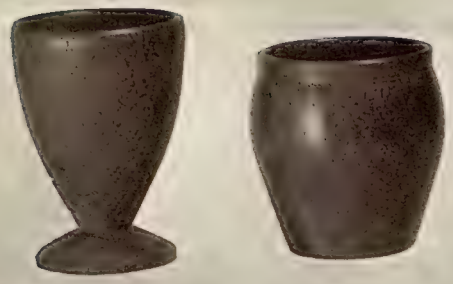


5. TO SMOOTH THE FOREHEAD

Place the palms of your hands on each temple with the fingers turned inwards and pressing on the forehead. Frown, then raise the eyebrows with the eyes looking upwards. These are necessarily light movements, since the hands are pressing on the forehead all the time.

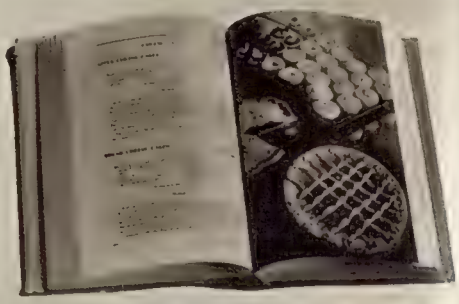
If you have any beauty problems write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

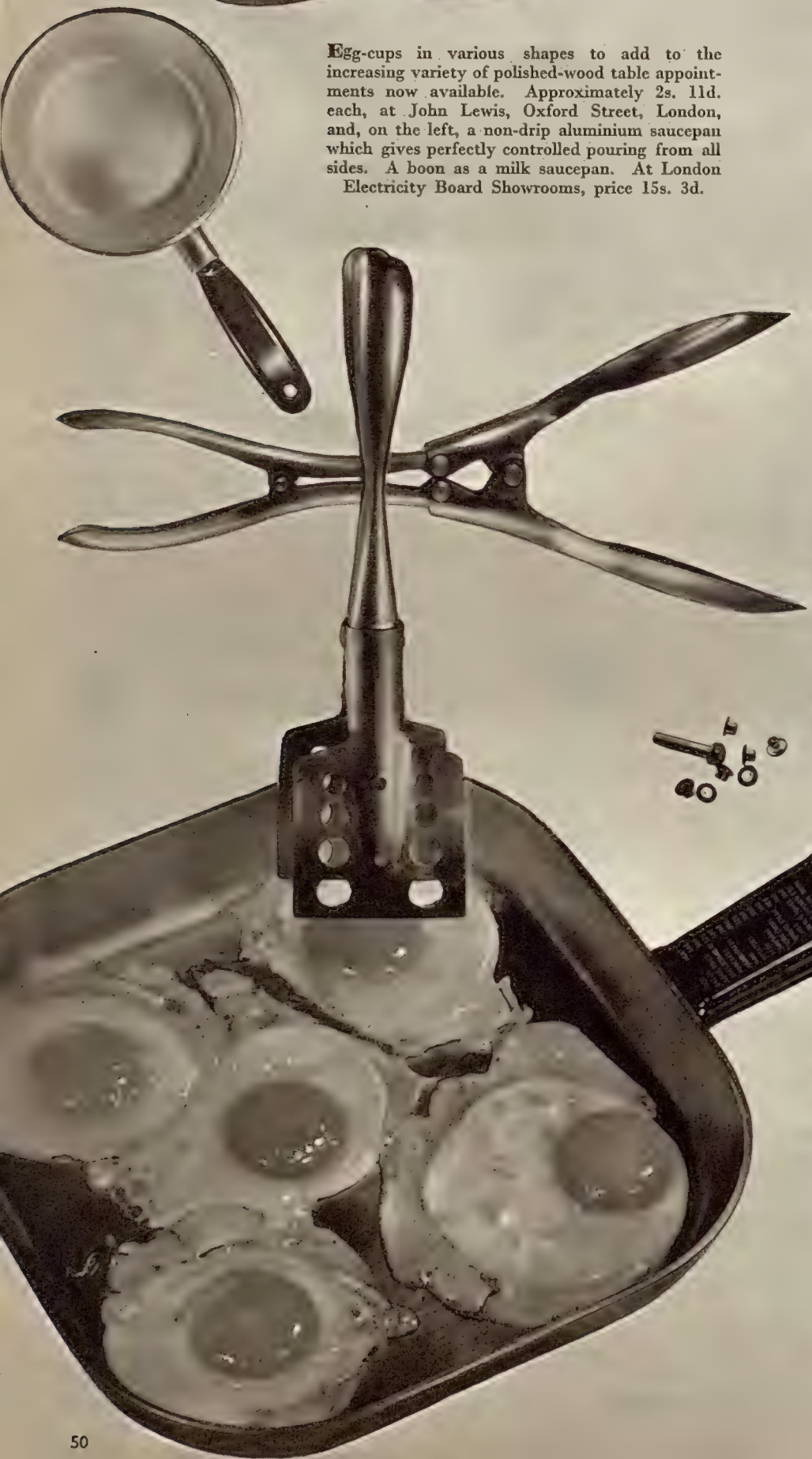
SHOPPING FOR



Egg-cups in various shapes to add to the increasing variety of polished-wood table appointments now available. Approximately 2s. 11d. each, at John Lewis, Oxford Street, London, and, on the left, a non-drip aluminium saucepan which gives perfectly controlled pouring from all sides. A boon as a milk saucepan. At London Electricity Board Showrooms, price 15s. 3d.

Particularly for those who use gas—the new Radiation Cookery book is a very comprehensive reference covering all types of dishes from the *hors d'œuvre* to the sweet. Colour pictures show decoration and garnishing, and there are sections exclusively devoted to methods, carving, wines, bottling and invalid cookery, and much useful information in the glossary of herbs and flavouring. A very practical gift for a bride at 9s. 6d. Can be obtained from Gas Showrooms everywhere





Kitchen tongs of two types which will be particularly welcome in the fruit season for lifting bottles from the preserving pan. The pair, with rounded ends, 5s. 11d.; the others, 4s. 11d. At leading stores, Make dress belts with a professional finish with the two new packs by Dura-bac. One contains adhesive material and a buckle to cover with your own fabric, the second is an Eyelet Kit (left) with 20 metal eyelets and an attaching tool. Price 1s. 3d. from drapers

The whole secret of perfect fried food is cooking at a precise temperature. The new Sunbeam Electric frypan does exactly this by thermostatically controlled heat at selected temperatures for given foods. No more greasy fries, no more fried eggs with scorched frills and unset centres. You can fry at the table and dish up the food piping from the pan. The sealed element makes washing simple. Price 7½ gns., at good stores

BY MARGARET

YOU

Make perfect shaped doughnut rings with the "Tala" gadget. *Above:* Drop the prepared mixture into the container, depress the spring rod and eject it from the other end a perfect ring; 10s. 6d. at Selfridges, London. *Top:* A new twist to the wooden salad bowl. This one is ridged. Price, 47s. 9d. The chunky servers are 8s. 11d. The set from John Barnes, Finchley Road, London

The Mixidiser is a non-electric mixer that merely attaches by rubber tubing to the tap. The pressure of water through the tube (the water does not enter the glass container) drives the rotating blades which whip, mix or blend most mixtures satisfactorily. Price 46s. 11d., at Selfridges, London. *Left:* The "Nutbrown" potato-chipper supersedes the tedious older method of preparing fried potatoes by hand. A whole potato goes into the chipper and is cut into pieces of uniform shape with one easy movement. Price 9s. 6d., from Selfridges, London

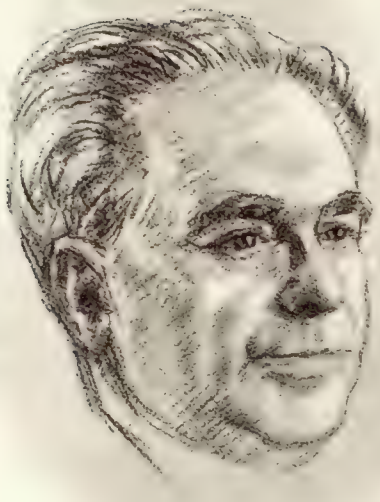
Colourful new designs for the table by Spode Copeland. *Right:* The dinner service illustrated is in Flemish green and there are other colours and many designs. A complete set, 196s. 10d., at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. A glass-lined wooden butter-dish for a tray. Just enough for one. 10s. 11d. with the knife. John Barnes, Finchley Road, London. *Above:* A new powder for baby by Cow and Gate contains no stearate of zinc or orris. Valuable in relieving irritation of tender young skins. Price 1s. 6d., at most chemists. The curved, rustless napkin pins are easy to handle and safer to use. Whitecroft pins, at Boots Chemist, around 1s. 3d. a card

SHARP

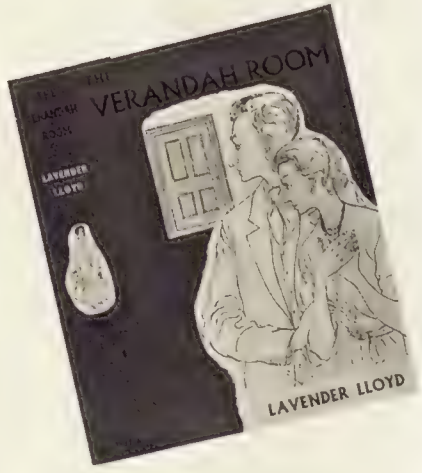
SEPTEMBER

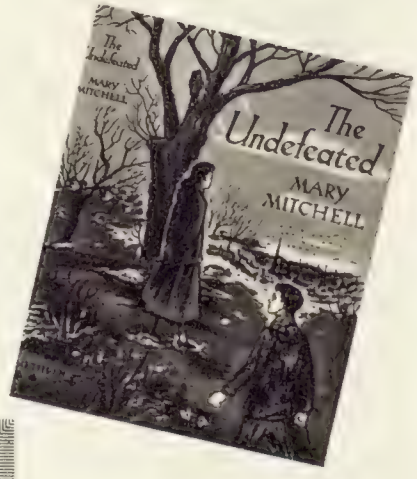
READING

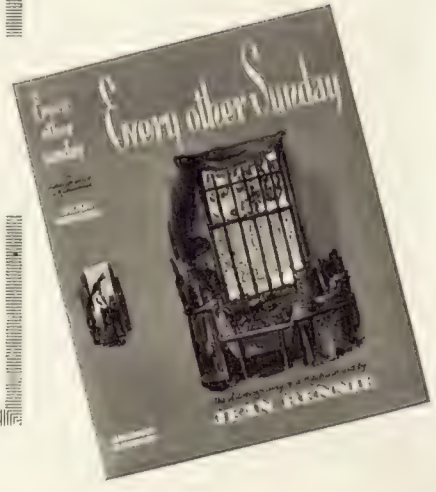
By TREVOR ALLEN



Louis Golding, author of *Goodbye to Ithaca*







SO many people write autobiographies that any day now I may have to review *Fifty Years of Dustbins*, by a Refuse Collector (dustman to you). Meantime, here 's Jean Rennie—"**Every Other Sunday**" (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.)—telling us of her life as a kitchenmaid, and quite nicely, too, in a simple, clipped prose. She was lucky, of course, for she served, among others, a duke and duchess who entertained George V. and Queen Mary; also the ancient daughter of a duchess, who was a bit of a termagant. Scots Jean—who, I imagine, could be rather a handful herself—tried to get on the stage, earned 12s. 6d. in three weeks as a night-club dance-hostess, but found men a problem. In sixteen years of slaving and below-stairs bickering she rose to cook-housekeeper, then resolved to quit private service: "I 'll scrub floors or sweep streets—I 'll even *walk* the streets—but *I will never go back* ! " Now she is married, much loved, and the author of a most revealing book which should do well.

Eva Knox Witte, U.S. Methodist minister's daughter, was presumably moved to write "**Gathering No Moss**" (Hale ; 16s.) because she married a former Russian baron, shared a wandering life with him which took them as far as Alaska, and found his stories of life in Mongolia so intriguing. Once, for instance, he stumbled on a rich coalfield by tripping over a lump of the stuff while rushing to embrace a girl of his fancy on a picnic. Things like that were always happening to Boris, and I have seldom read of a partnership as sunny and lively or as well chronicled. Who said that happy marriages had no story ? This one is a merry adventure.

Kitchenmaids didn't write books in Hogarth's day, though they might find themselves in a cartoon or portrait sketch, for he was a master of low life. Peter Quennell, a master of biography, limns him and his times graphically in "**Hogarth's Progress**" (Collins ; 25s.), a handsome volume with many plates illustrating his work. I cannot imagine a more pleasant excursion for those within reach (including all Londoners) than to read this admirable book, then visit Hogarth's modest villa at Chiswick, now a museum of his work, carefully restored to its original simplicity, though little is left of his mulberry tree and one has to imagine his studio at the garden-end. In the near-by churchyard is his tomb ; near by, too, are historic Chiswick House and park, also well worth visiting.

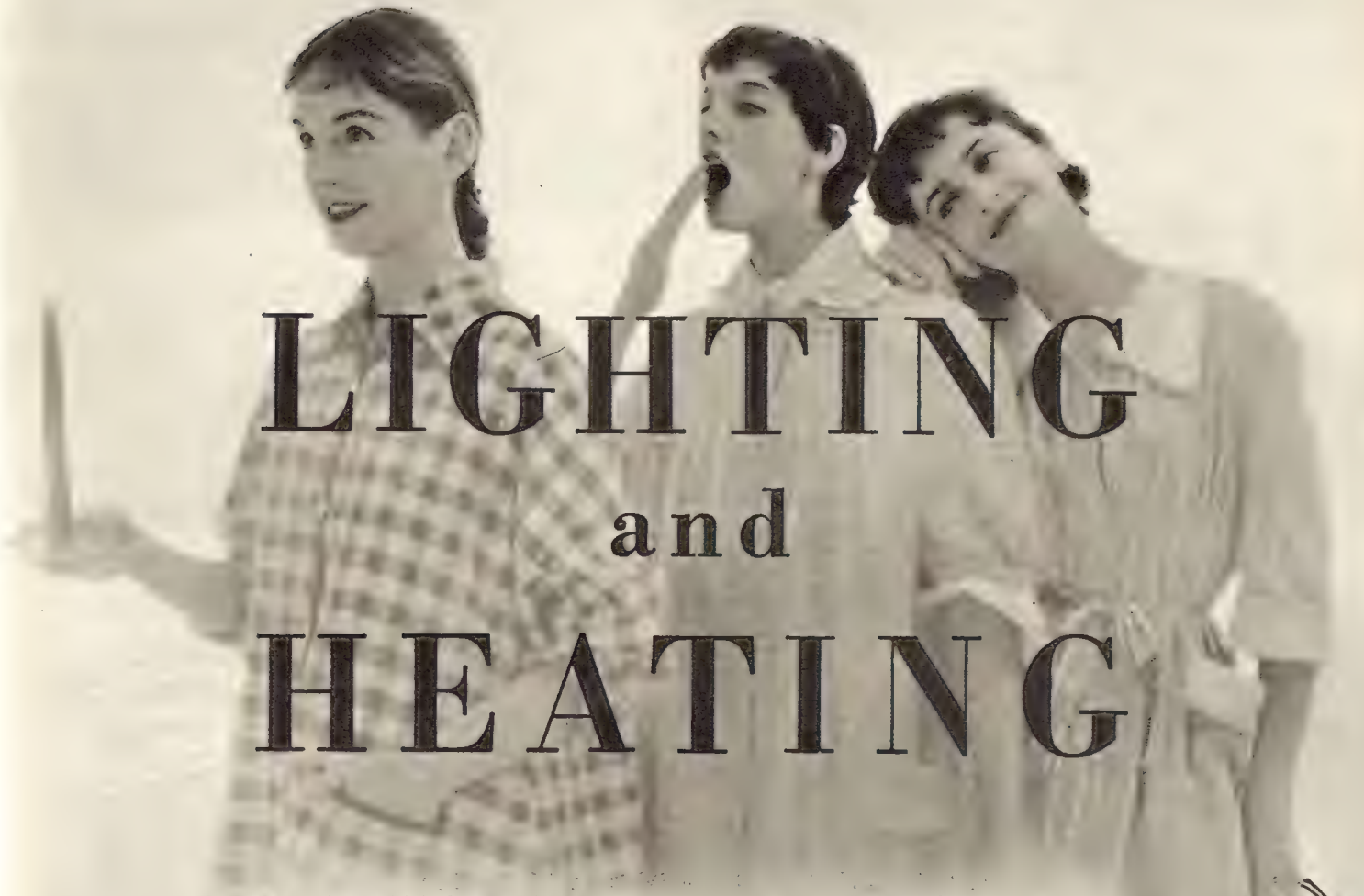
If only one could follow as easily in the wake of Odysseus, as Louis Golding does in "**Goodbye to Ithaca**" (Hutchinson ; 21s.), an Ionian and Ægean pilgrimage extending from Italy to Troy and the island which was reputedly his home ! The Homer epic is mainly a cue for describing lovely places, Ithaca the loveliest of all, with its "ribs of golden hills, the magistral olive-trees, the cypresses black as (*Continued on page 75*)

Lucky Juniors. Colour-book production for juniors is something to shout about these days. The illustrations are bold and artistic, the text is well done.

In "**20,000 Leagues Under the Sea**" (Adprint ; 2s. 6d.) Elizabeth Beecher tells the Jules Verne story, with pictures by the Walt Disney Studio, adapted by Campbell Grant. "**Walt Disney's Cinderella and Other Stories,**" arranged by Steffi Fletcher and Jane Werner, has great pictorial charm and humour ; so has "**Pirates, Ships and Sailors,**" stories, poems, songs by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, with pictures by Gustaf Tenggren (Publicity Products ; 5s. each.)

"Britannia and Eve" offers a special 7-page armchair guide to the latest

developments in electric, gas and oil heating and electric light fittings



LIGHTING and HEATING

CHEERFUL lighting, adequate warmth at the least expenditure and effort: these things are the basics of well-being in the home. Both are indispensable and form a major factor in the domestic plan—not to say the budget.

With nights drawing in, many of us are pondering some extension or renewal of the means of providing these comforts, and it is not always a simple decision. A veritable flood of apparatus crowds around for approval. Which shall it be? Which among many is best suited to our purpose; to the specific needs and limitations of the house and to our pockets?

We offer this review of modern heating and lighting equipment in four sections as an armchair guide to what is new: gas, electricity and oil heating devices have sections to themselves and light fittings, too.

Manufacturers have co-operated in this assembly of apparatus incorporating the latest improvements as well as those that from past service have proved their lasting qualities.

We take the view that generalisations as to merit between one type of heating and another are dangerous. Individual needs must guide the decision between gas, oil or electricity. For efficient auxiliary heating at a low cost, oil heaters have more than proved their worth. Modern apparatus is clean and odourless. On the other hand, there must be adequate facilities for storing oil.

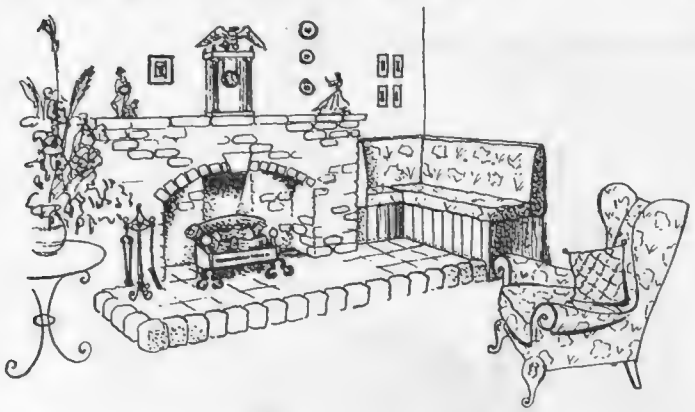
Gas heaters offer instantaneous warmth without effort. It is undeniable that the gas fire has some of the nostalgic appeal of the solid fuel fire. There is a wide area of illumination and a "liveness" about the radiants that invites us to gather round.

None the less, individual circumstances may well make gas heating impracticable and then electricity steps in with all its efficiency, cleanliness and instantaneous action.

So, the choice is your own and this guide is offered as a candle to light you to a wise decision.

ELECTRIC

Whether your choice is the severely functional or the old-world replica, modern electric heaters give maximum heat at minimum cost



WITH such a variety of electrical heating apparatus now available it can truly be said that there is something suitable for every need. Whether the electric heating you use is auxiliary to solid fuel heating or self-sufficient, the choice is wide, and it pays to study the available material well before making a selection. Ask yourself these questions :

Is the heating capacity of the apparatus sufficient for the area to be warmed ? What is the power consumption in terms of units per hour, and what will it cost to run ? Will the design—whatever its further merits—fit into the decorative scheme ?

You have a choice between small portable radiators, consuming about ½ to ¾ units per hour, and large heaters, both fixed and portable, which consume up to three units per hour.

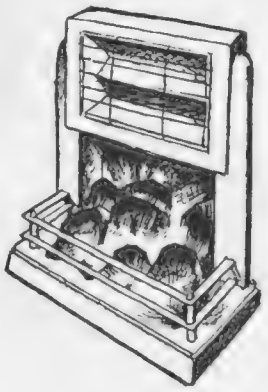
Some radiant electric fires have fireclay " bars " which glow brightly when switched on. Part of the heat thus produced is given off as warm air which circulates about the room. Other types have highly-polished reflectors which concentrate the heat in one direction. Other than these, there are " low-temperature " heaters. These use larger surfaces at a moderate heat, instead of small surfaces (like the elements of a fire) at higher temperatures. Sometimes these heaters take the form of tubes which can lie along the skirting or under windows, or of convectors which are free-standing and fit conveniently into recesses, narrow passages, and very small rooms.

For the average house of normal construction, the following table is a guide to the size of electric fire required for adequate heating of rooms of various dimensions :

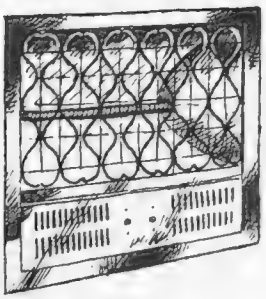
Room Floor Area (8 ft. ceiling)	*Size of Fire*
10′ x 10′	1.5 kilowatts
12′ x 12′	2.0 ,,
12′ x 14′	2.25 ,,
14′ x 15′	2.75 ,,
15′ x 16′	3.0 ,,

It is simple enough to calculate the cost of running any particular fire since the kilowatt rating of the fire indicates the number of units of electricity consumed in one hour.

● You like the warm glow of the imitation coal fire ? Berry's 2 kW. Mayberry (*right*), at £16 4s. 4d., is big enough for the average-sized sitting-room—say 14 ft. by 12 ft. But where less heat is needed, as, for example, in bedroom or kitchen, it will be adequate for a bigger room.

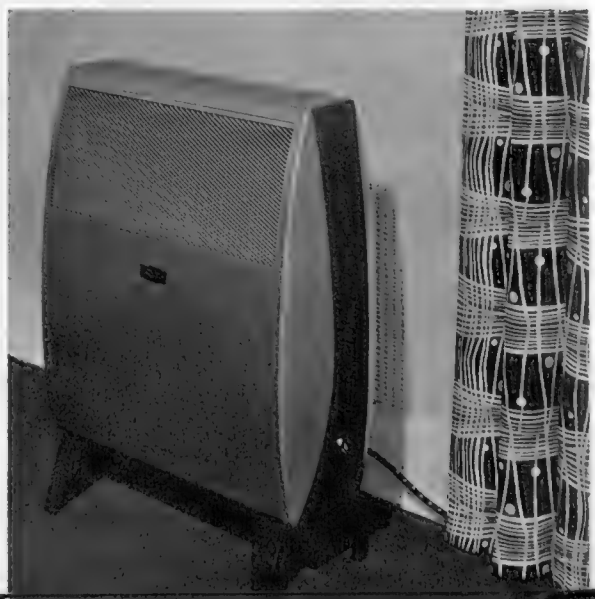


● Ferranti make a wide range of electric fires. The wall fire (*left*), designed primarily for kitchen, bathroom or nursery use, incorporates an adjusting rod to direct the radiant heat beam. The rod can be removed when not required. Consumption 1 unit per hour. Price £5 2s. 5d.

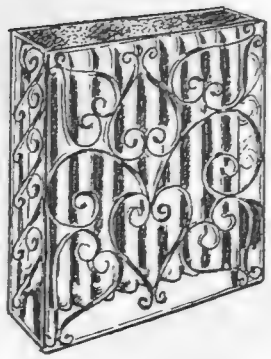


● Also in the Ferranti range is this panel model designed for fixing flush with the wall or in a blanked-out fireplace. Polished reflector, ventilating grille beneath, and foot-operated switches. In three sizes, ¾/1½ kW., for small rooms, 1/2 kW., and 1¼/2½ kW. Prices £17 1s. 5d., £22 0s. 6d., and £33 9s. 11d.

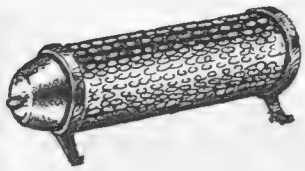
● Background heat—warm air circulating over a large area—is economically provided by the convector-type heater. This Morphy-Richards model (*right*) is made in 1 and 2 kW. sizes, the latter also being available at extra cost with thermostat. Warm, bronze finish. Prices £7 3s. 5d., £8 17s. 6d. and £9 18s.



Another type of convector heater, the H.M.V. Cavendish (*left*), circulates warmed air by means of a fan driven by a tiny electric motor. It will raise the temperature of an average-sized room by 7 degs. in 15 mins. An orange-tinted lamp gives a cheerful glow. Consumption 2 units per hour. Price £11 9s. 5d.

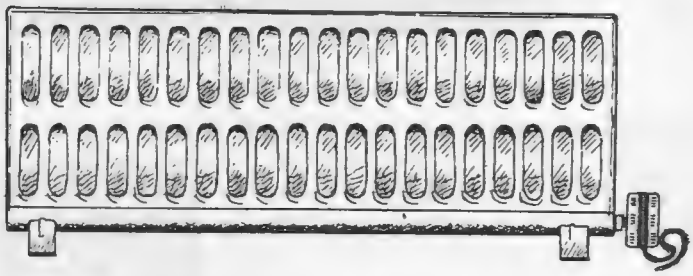


A low-consumption heater with many uses, the Belling Handy heater (*right*), runs for four hours on a unit of electricity. Useful in airing cupboard, garage, any place where sustained low-temperature heat is needed. Price £2 6s. 6d.



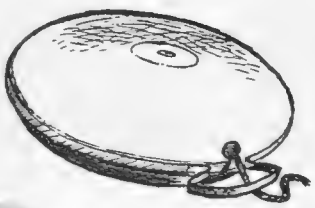
Individual electric radiators may be your alternative to full central heating. G.B.M. make a range of oil-filled radiators. They also produce ornamental wrought-iron frames to enclose the radiator. The example sketched (*above*) is £11 15s. 11d., to fit their 1 kW. radiator at £18 12s. 9d.

Another type of oil-filled electric radiator, the Dimplex (*below*), has special appeal because of its low overall height (16½ ins. including feet). It is oil-filled, thermostatically controlled. Wall brackets or castors are alternatives. Model sketched is the 2 kW. size. Price £19 16s.



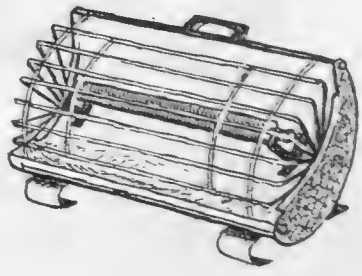
At its best in ingle-nook or ancient, brick-arched fireplace, the Berrylog basket fire (*right*) gives the soft, authentic glow of hot wood ash. Antique finish, independent control of heating element (1½ kW.). Price £14 6s. 10d.

An alternative to the radiant-type fire is Ekco's Thermopanel (*below*). Radiates infra-red rays from element fused directly into armour-plate glass. In two sizes (¾ and 1 kW.). Prices from £10 1s. 4d.



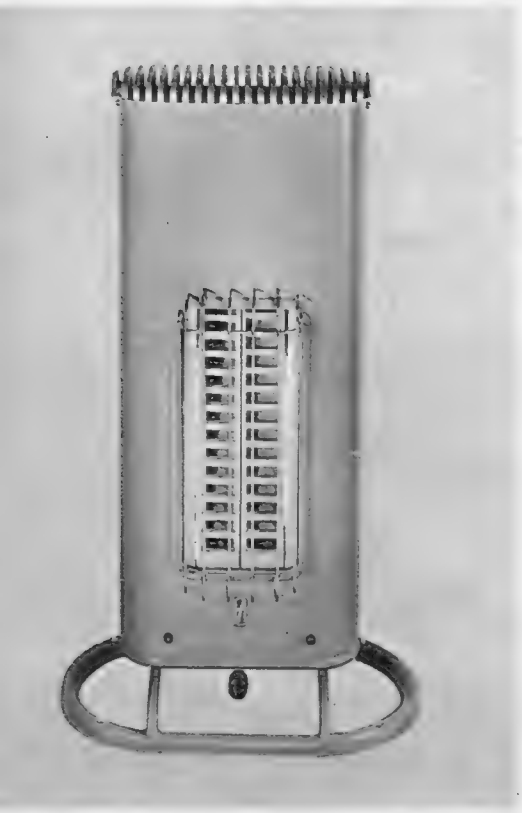
The warming-pan brought up-to-date (*left*). Belling's streamlined electric bed-warmer comes in pastel blue, pink or yellow and will warm and air a bed at the cost of about a unit a week. Price £2 2s. 9d.

Nice example of a favourite type of portable reflector fire is Hawkins' 2 kW. Marilyn fire (*right*). The finish is mushroom, silver or ivory, with chromium-plated reflector. Price £4 9s. 6d.



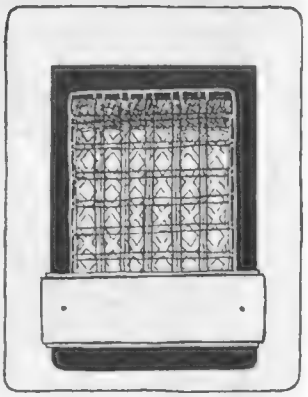
GAS

Radiant heat at the turn of a tap or convected heat for warmth—you can take your choice from a wealth of highly-efficient appliances

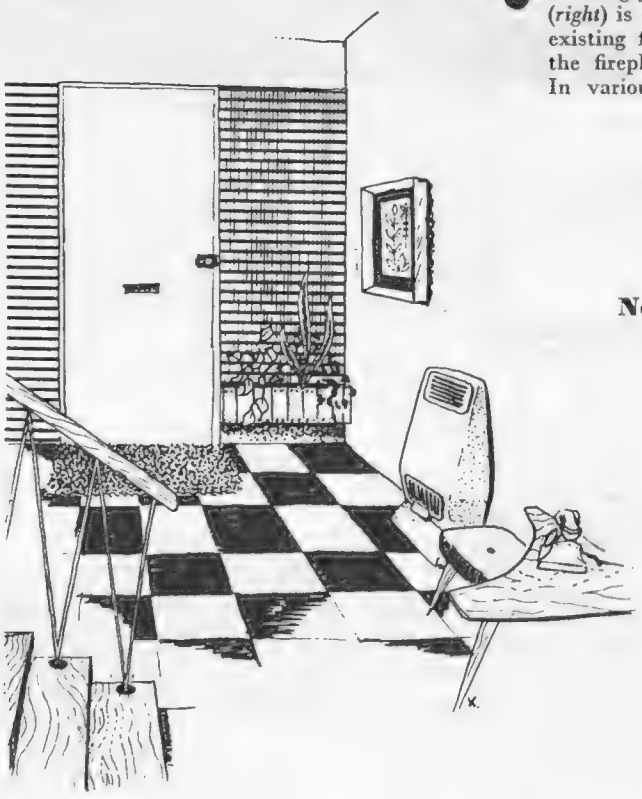


● Full heating for an average-sized living-room or background heat over bigger areas is within the capacity of the New World Merlin heater (*right*). It is a flueless stove, silent in operation, and suitable for any ventilated room. Consumption 6000 b.t.u. per hour. Price about £14 11s.

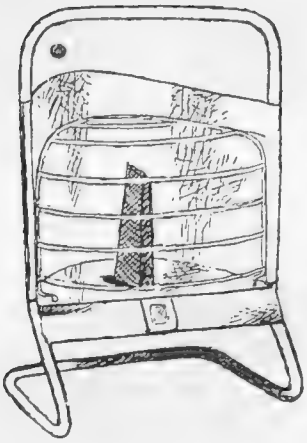
● A steady level of background warmth is provided by the Ascot FA/7 (*left*). Equally useful for giving intermittent warmth in bedroom or living-room. Easily transportable. Consumption 6000 b.t.u. (British thermal units) per hour. Price £8 13s. 9d.



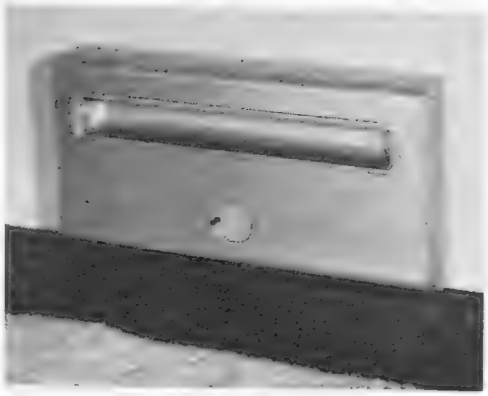
● Pleasingly simple panel fire by R. and A. Main (*right*) is designed to fit flush against a wall. An existing flue can be used and the remainder of the fireplace can be blanked off and filled in. In various colours. Price about £7 16s. 6d.



Not so very long ago it looked as if the gas-fire would be pushed into the background as a sort of "poor relation" of its electrical counterpart. But developments in gas-fire design have been swift and noticeable and the range of highly efficient space heaters is wider than ever, including both direct radiation types and convectors. New materials and finishes, streamlined design and wide choice of colour schemes are combined with more efficient performance. Typical too is the use of unbreakable chrome steel radiants in portable fires. Choice of fire naturally depends on circumstances. As a guide to running costs remember that the therm is the basic unit and represents 100,000 b.t.u. per hour. With this in mind it is simple to calculate the approximate cost of running. For instance, a fire with a rating of 5000 b.t.u. per hour will run 20 hours on a therm. With gas at, say, 1s. 8d. a therm this would make the running cost work out at about 1d. per hour



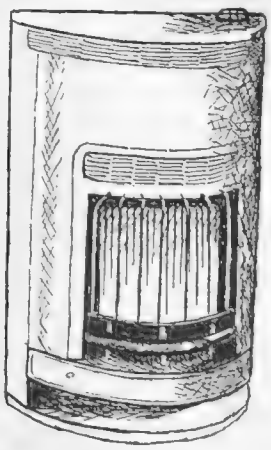
Right: "VEK No. 2" Gas Heater is ideal for heating a small hall, bathroom or alternatively to give extra warmth in a large room normally heated by a coal or gas fire. It is very economical to run, as it burns only 3,000 B.T.U.s of gas an hour. Made in copper brown, bronze, gold or cream by Flavels, priced £5 12s.



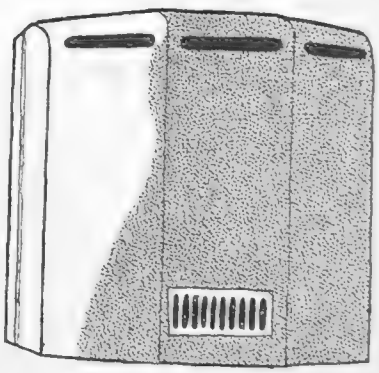
Above: For a light, neat-looking portable gas fire here is the FA/3 Ascot. Even though it has five burner jets, the gas consumption is low—5,000 B.T.U.s per hour. An outstanding feature is the exceptional output of radiant heat. The fire has a chromium reflector, and is finished in cream enamel. Price is £4 18s. 0d.

Right: Economical auxiliary heating comes with this dual purpose Parkinson Paravector Gas Heater. When used as a portable it burns 6,000 B.T.U.s per hour and 8,000 per hour as a fixed unit. Finished in an attractive golden bronze shade with brown vitreous enamelled grille through which warm air is emitted into the room. The price is approximately £7 10s. 0d.

Below: A gas fire with new features which give a high output of both radiant heat and convected warm air. The curved front ensures radiation of heat over a wide angle; thus the fire can be seen and felt from positions on either side of the fireplace while warm air is constantly being circulated round the room. "Port Royal" convector radiant gas fire by Bratt Colbran Ltd., priced about £40

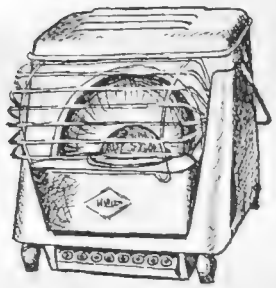


Right: This background heater, for medium-sized rooms and halls, is designed for installation on an outside wall. At the base of the heater there is an inlet and air from the room is drawn in, passes over the heated body surface and is convected in a constant stream of warm air through the louvres at the top. Finished in stove enamel gold lustre, this economical heater burns only 5,000 B.T.U.s an hour. The "Sapphire" Balance Flu gas space heater is made by Cowper Penfold



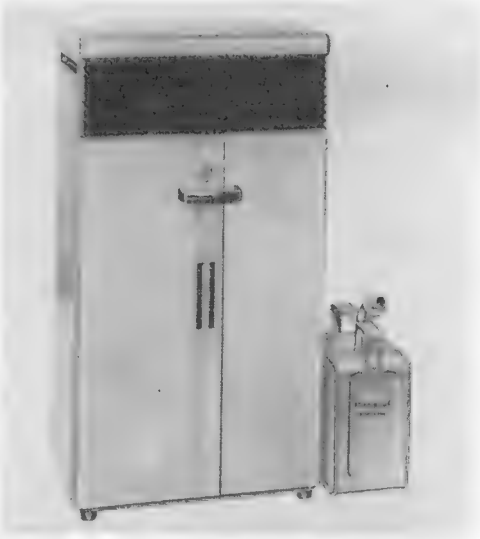
OIL

Gone are the days when oil stoves were mere smelly substitutes for "piped" fuel. New-style oil stoves are decorative and compact

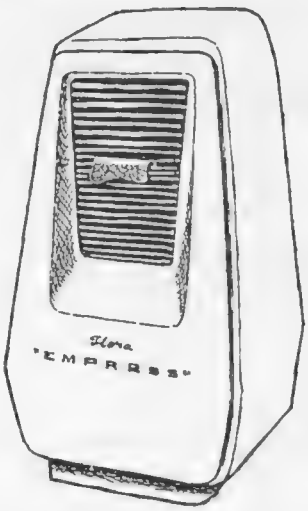


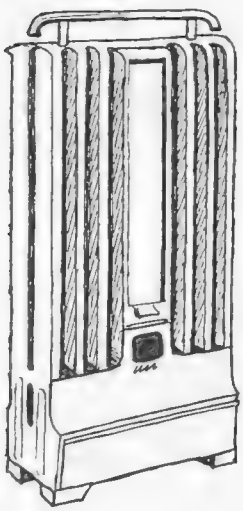
For those who like visible heat—something glowing and red to sit round—Rippingilles' "Fyrside" (*left*) is the answer. One glass bottle of oil, placed in the back, will last for nine hours, and the heat is controlled by a valve which regulates the intake of oil. £9 10s. and 10 gns.

For concealed warmth, the portable central heater (*right*) by Valor. Ideal to stand under windows or in halls where it will condition the air to an even, inviting temperature. Designed to blend with streamlined modern surroundings, it has a pearlized finish, and is provided with a gallon can for refilling. Price is £6 14s.



Handsome stove (*right*) to place at the centre of things : it will fill the fireplace with distinction and throw a cheerful and welcoming heat to armchair and coffee table. Finished in grey, with maroon grille, it is the "Flora" space heater. The price is £8 5s.



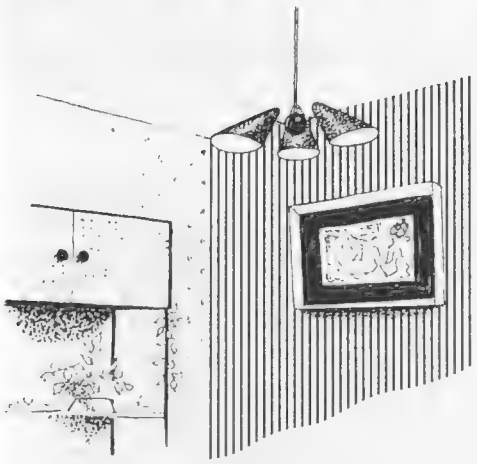


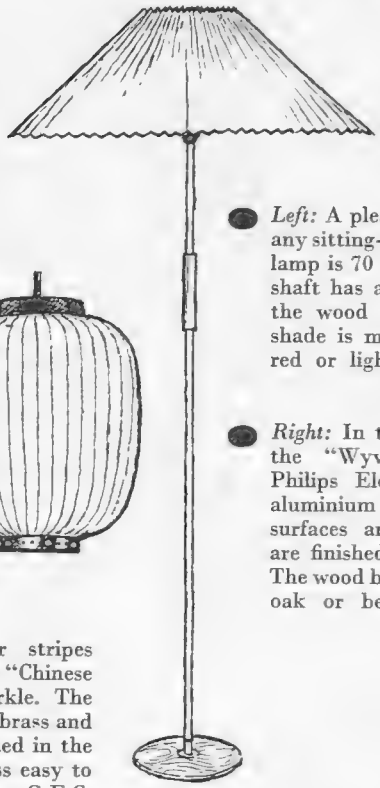
While the bronze-finished radiator (*left*) would look well with modern furnishings, it is also that rare thing, a latter-day functional unit which will agree happily with antique surroundings. Designed to burn continuously with next to no attention, it is unobtrusive, never smells, and is easily portable. By Aladdin, £9 19s. 6d.

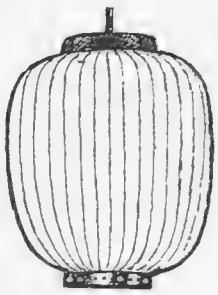
For flats and small spaces, this (*right*) is Aladdin's newest heater, the Aladdinique, a blue flame radiator very pleasing to the eye. It is finished in two shades of mushroom, has friendly rounded corners, and is feather-light to carry. A boon to the bachelor girl, it costs only £7 19s. 6d. and is surprisingly economical on fuel

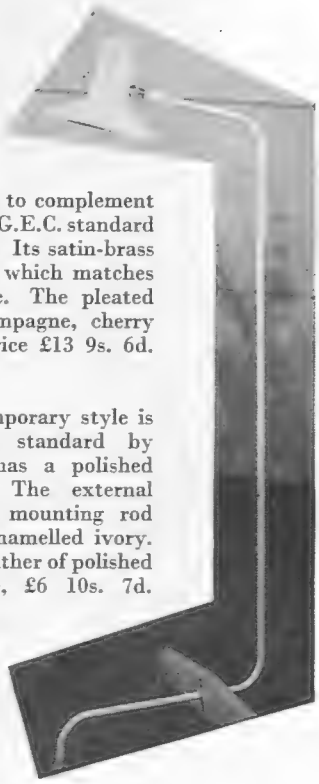
LIGHTING

Brighten up a room—spotlight interesting features of the decorative scheme with these new fixtures









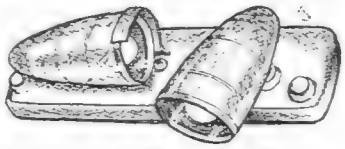
Left: A pleasing design to complement any sitting-room. This G.E.C. standard lamp is 70 inches high. Its satin-brass shaft has a wood grip which matches the wood at the base. The pleated shade is made in champagne, cherry red or light blue. Price £13 9s. 6d.

Right: In truly contemporary style is the "Wyvern" floor standard by Philips Electric. It has a polished aluminium reflector. The external surfaces and graceful mounting rod are finished in stove-enamelled ivory. The wood base can be either of polished oak or beech. Price, £6 10s. 7d.

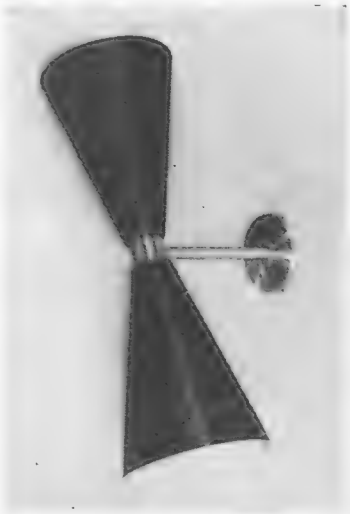
Above: Thin clear stripes give this white glass "Chinese lantern" added sparkle. The metal work is satin-brass and a spring, incorporated in the cap, makes the glass easy to remove for cleaning. G.E.C. Price £6 11s. 10d.

Left: Although modern in design this reading lamp will blend with any style of decoration. The metal-work base, available in various colours, is topped by a gay shade in green with mauve, yellow and white motif. G.E.C., priced £4 1s. 8d.

Right: One person can read in bed without disturbing the other with the "Harmony - Lite." This original bedhead lamp has the advantage of two separate hooded lights with beams adjustable to any angle, each with its own individual switch. Complete for £3 19s. 10d.



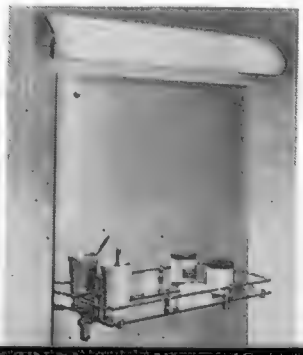
Left: A wind and weather-proof lantern to light the porch. It is equally at home in the hall. Antique in design, the wrought - iron lantern is painted black and has six panes of dimpled glass. Berry's, price £4 1s. 6d.



The "Woking" double cone wall bracket for a contemporary scheme of decoration. Finished matt black outside with white non-chip lining. The bracket and back plate are of brushed aluminium, clear lacquered. By Philips Electric, price £3 11s. 3d.

An original two-way approach to home decorating is "Fleur-lite" by Siemens. This model —"Tropica"—has a background of wire mesh in form of a leaf, with a tubular lamp illuminating the plants contained in holders on either side. Price, £3 14s. 1d.

Above: Berry's have adapted an Adam design for this decorative two-light wall-bracket. It is finished in old gold with red enamel. Satin shades, crêpe lined, have matching fringe and gimp in wine velvet. Bracket, £20 13s. 0d.; shades, 61/4 pr.



The Atlas "Pin-up" fluorescent tube light under a Perspex shade for those special positions where you want extra light without a harsh spot of brilliance. It is 24 inches long and can be quickly installed. Very economical. Price, £5 1s. 9½d.

To Celia With Love (*Continued from page* 30)

indicate the lovely half-proud, half humorous shape of her mouth or approximate a phrase to catch the delicious candour of her gaze, but that wouldn't describe Celia. It would only tell you a few physical facts about her.

It may be that after all I am not so wrong about the Jacobeans—but that is unimportant. They have all been dead for three hundred years and Celia is magnificently and gloriously alive.

She introduced herself and explained that she was beginning term ten days late because her parents had gone to Rhodesia. On reflection I don't see why this should have made sense, but it did.

She took a seat at the back of the class and looked diligent and attentive as she sat there, during the whole lecture.

My voice, sounding like the dim echo of some familiar and impotent spirit trapped in a cave, rambled on automatically, stumbling over a line here and misplacing a reference there but there were few objections. None of the men seemed to notice, although one of my three other women students—the one who has spots and wears glasses—was a bit restive.

In the weeks that followed I tried to take Celia out but there I found myself facing heavy competition. She was always very pleasant but very occupied, and in four months all I managed was one visit to the theatre to see Gorki's *The Lower Depths* (which she didn't care for) and three dances—a fox-trot and two waltzes—at the Christmas "hop" in the Students Union. But the other day I had a stroke of luck.

My afternoon class finished early and I walked over to Brown's teashop. The tea-room was empty except for Celia, sitting at a table in the top corner reading a book. When I came in she looked up and smiled. My heart fluttering and with an empty feeling in my stomach, I sat down opposite her.

We talked. We suddenly found that we had a great deal in common. I discovered that behind that ravishingly lovely face there was a mind—a young, eager questing mind which analysed and assessed and reached conclusions.

She unearthed from behind the mask of English literature and university other-worldliness, the real human being which I had always suspected must be the fundamental me. When they closed the teashop we were still talking.

In the street we discovered that there were far too many aspects of life and literature which we hadn't covered, so she phoned the University's one Rugby internationalist to tell him that a visit from her uncle made it impossible for her to dine with him, and we found a small Italian café where we had coffee and later sausage rolls and chips.

When the café closed at eleven o'clock I walked back with her to Mrs. McLaren's students boarding-house and we stood outside the door, talking until she was shivering with cold. Then we said goodnight.

AS I walked down the road towards the tram-stop from which I knew I had missed the last car home, I was the happiest man in all Scotland.

The three miles across town to my "digs" seemed no distance at all. I could still feel the warm imprint of her hand on mine and in my bemused head there buzzed delightedly the words with which she had agreed to have dinner with me the following day.

We dined at the Royal, a memorable evening of delicious food and the most enchanting companionship I have ever known. We parted on Mrs. McLaren's doorstep with another warm handshake and an appointment for a film at six o'clock the following evening.

And so it went on—evening after evening of enchantment, which seemed to stretch forward into a limitless future of delight, holding all kinds of enthralling possibilities.

Life was bliss, and the only shadow on my happiness was my own timidity. Twice on Mrs. McLaren's doorstep, I had leaned forward, lips parted, hoping to find her face upturned to mine for a kiss, but each time I had met only the level candour of her eyes and my courage had failed me. And then the bombshell fell.

I opened the letter with that small twinge of excitement which I always feel when I see an envelope addressed with my name. It was typewritten in purple ink, an official-looking communication. I ripped it open and read its contents with a sinking heart. It was from my bank manager.

Nothing in it reflected the courteous cordiality with which he usually greeted me when I happened to see him on one of my rare visits to the bank. In the official English which these soulless establishments use, it informed me coldly that my account was overdrawn by the sum of five pounds four shillings and eight-pence and that I must cease forthwith from cashing cheques until my salary was paid into my account at the end of the month.

I was thinking with self-righteous calm, of the ascetic economy which I would practise until the end of February in order to restore my credit and good name with Mr. McCready, the bank manager whose unfriendly signature appeared at the foot of the letter, when the full realization of what this meant came over me.

Celia! The cheques cashed at the office had been to take Celia out and now that there were to be no more cheques, there could be no more Celia!

I no longer felt thankful for the warning I had received against the perils of overspending. Instead I suddenly found the whole race of bank managers to be accursed.

I raged and stormed against the unfeeling tyranny of finance. I found my mind seeking ways in which to evade this ban on my meetings with Celia—but all to no avail. There was no outlet to be found; nothing was left me but the dark, twisted path of despair.

My hopes of one day holding Celia in my arms seemed gone forever. The end of February was twenty days away and in that time Cameron, the rugby internationalist, who had a car and a chest (expanded) of 47 inches would surely have supplanted me.

I had £2 14s. 7d. to last me out the month, I discovered. It wouldn't do much more than pay my tram fare to work. With a heavy heart, I reduced it to £2 14s. 4d. by telephoning to Celia.

When I said I couldn't manage to see her that evening she suggested that we should go to a cinema the next night. When I refused that offer, she sounded surprised and asked me to name a day when I should be free.

The strain of keeping my voice level made it sound harsh even to me, as I told her I didn't think I would have a free evening until the end of the month. She began to ask why and I couldn't stand it any longer. I replaced the receiver very gently and walked miserably upstairs to my room.

In class I found that I could no longer bear to look at Celia because of the reproachful look with which her eyes met mine. I dodged into alleyways when I saw her coming in my direction in the streets around the University, and took refuge in empty lecture-rooms if anyone resembling her appeared at the other end of a corridor.

You can imagine the bitterness with which I remembered that Thursday was St. Valentine's Day.

By Wednesday it had become unbearable. There can come a time when pain and unhappiness are too high a price to pay for honour. After an almost sleepless night, by Wednesday morning I had reached that state of mind. I awoke, dressed and shaved the haggard face which looked back at me out of my mirror in a spirit of criminal resolution. Lovelace was wrong, I decided firmly

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

A contemptible measure of loving, I now knew. So it was that, after my morning lecture was over, I walked across the quadrangle to the office and unflinchingly wrote out a cheque for £3.

But when I tried to phone Celia she was not in. I called round at Mrs. McLaren's in the afternoon and was informed that Celia had gone to Glasgow with Cameron to watch him play against a touring team. This news made me more downcast but not despondent; the spirit of desperation which had awakened with me that morning had not died during the day and I had yet another plan.

On my way home I visited a florist and bought two dozen of the most opulent red roses I have ever seen. Unblushingly, I carried them home with me and bestowed them carefully in a vase. Then I sat down to write.

We had talked of Donne and Celia had expressed great admiration for his verses, so that the style in which I was to compose my Valentine was chosen for me.

I found it much harder than I had imagined—so much so that what I felt seemed impossible of expression or fell weakly into the phrases of other poets—but at last it was finished.

I LAID it aside and scribbled a brief note to my bank manager. What was left of honour might be partially salved, I thought. I explained that personal circumstances of the most imperative urgency made it impossible for me to accept the restriction which his refusal to allow my overdraft to extend beyond £5 imposed upon me and that, fully realizing what I was doing, I had that day defied his edict by cashing a cheque with the proceeds of which I hoped to save something from the wreck which his financial tyranny had made of my happiness.

Bank managers are also human beings, I reflected. It might be that the obvious stress of emotion under which I wrote would have its effect on him too.

I wrote out the envelopes "To my Valentine, the most beautiful Celia" in the best penmanship my hand would turn to, on the one, and a reckless scrawl with the manager's name and address on the other. Then I went to bed.

The next day I rose early. I dressed carefully and without waiting for breakfast, set out for Mrs. McLaren's clutching the roses, carefully re-wrapped in their tissue paper, and the envelope containing my poem.

It was a fine morning and the streets were bright with a clear frosty radiance which made my spirits rise as I walked briskly across the town. At Mrs. McLaren's I rang the bell and asked for Celia.

Mrs. McLaren looked at me suspiciously but I made no attempt to explain my early call and with a sniff of disapproval, she disappeared into the house, leaving me standing on the doorstep.

I heard light quick footsteps approaching the door and had to fight down an impulse to turn and run. I was teetering on my heels when the heavy door swung back and Celia stood there looking at me with puzzled surprise.

I had rehearsed what I was going to say a dozen times but the words fell over one another inside me and would not come out. I thrust the flowers and the envelope towards her.

"These are for you," I said gruffly, and turned to go.

She took them and tucked the bunch of roses into the crook of her arm.

"Wait," she said and her fingers tore at the envelope.

I stopped at the second step and watched her read from the sheet of paper inside. Her face expressed bewilderment, then tenderness tinged with laughter. She looked at the envelope again and then at me. She was smiling but from each corner of her eye a tear ran down her cheek. She moved towards me.

"So that was why," she said, with a break in her voice. And suddenly she was in my arms and her lips were warm and soft against mine and the sun was shining with an almost tropical heat and there was music playing softly in the distance.

It was only this morning I learned that my bank manager doesn't care for Jacobean verse.

END

"what good does it do to have a BALANCED kitchen?"

"lots of good, ma'am" (SAYS TOM)

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HARDEC is
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Asks HOUSEWIFE—"What is the difference then between a balanced decorative board and the ordinary kind of plastic surface?"

Says TOM—"All the difference in the world ma'am. The warping and twisting are caused by uneven pressures, a one-sided board has to be clamped down to keep it straight, but a balanced board has surfaces pulling equally on both its sides and keeping the board flat without a lot of elaborate fixing. That saves time and money on construction too".

HOUSEWIFE—"I suppose this balanced decorative board is more expensive?"

TOM—"Bless you, no ma'am, its cheaper to build a balanced kitchen than an unbalanced one".

HOUSEWIFE—"What did you say this balanced decorative board was called?"

TOM—"Hardec ma'am. It is made by the people famous for making Weyroc man-made timber and that proves it is absolutely top quality".

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Since You Went Away (*Continued from page 12*)

been preoccupied with the way her eyes, when she talked about anything that excited her, advertising, ballet, the humorous verse she wrote as a hobby, turned up at the corners.

"I suppose," Clark said, his gaze still fixed on the sky beyond the window, "I suppose," he repeated and cleared his throat, "that you noticed the girl with me at the airport?"

"Your niece, no doubt," Jim smiled, but his heart wasn't in it. The thought of Patricia's upturned eyes coupled with the thought of Clark and his girl, who really *was* his girl and not just a gnawing regret, an aching for what might have been, was hard to take.

"YOU know damned well she's not!" Clark said gruffly. "She's an artist and a good one. Portraits. For a living, she designs wallpaper. I'm no judge of art but I'd be willing to bet someday she can drop the wallpaper, stick to the portraits. She's that good," he said and was silent, turned again to the window.

"She's a lovely girl," Jim said mechanically. "You're fortunate."

"Fortunate?" Clark laughed shortly.

"Watching you two at the airport I envied you," Jim said, and with that much admitted, felt better.

"Why?" Clark said, without curiosity.

"I suppose it made me think of the times when there's been a pretty girl to see me off. I suppose it made me feel I was losing my grip." He could admit to envy but not to the other . . . the lost chance, the wasted love, Patricia.

"You know Dorothy, you've met her." Clark said, and turned abruptly and looked at Jim. "No man ever had a better wife. We've come up the hard way, Dottie and I. I couldn't have done it without her. She's a fine woman, an attractive woman, and in an hour or two she'll be at the airport to meet me. Do you still envy me?"

"On two counts," Jim grinned and added, "You shouldn't be so rough on yourself."

"Apparently you don't get it," Clark said quietly. "You don't get it at all." And again his fingers began their drumming. His eyes swerved to the window, and abruptly swerved back, fixed on Jim with a look that was both cautious and brave. "You might as well know the whole story," he said. "It's not what you think."

"Her name," Clark said, "is Sidney." Speaking her name his voice softened and the hand which had been restless lay still, in fact the whole man seemed to soften. "Her parents wanted a boy, that's why. Sidney Lesser. I met her at a party the last time I was down here, but I wasn't in the market for a girl. Sure, I've taken a tumble on occasion. Who hasn't? But I'm not one of those looking for something to take up the slack in my marriage. If I get bored sometimes, Dorothy probably does, too, but there's nothing really wrong with our marriage. As I said, Dorothy has been a real partner.

"SO I didn't go to this party with any ideas. I was late getting there and the place was crowded. I didn't meet Sidney until later when the crowd had begun to thin out. I remember that when we shook hands her hand felt firm and that she looked me straight in the eye and that she didn't smile.

"I asked her later why she'd been so solemn about it. She said she hadn't realized she'd been solemn. She said she'd been wondering how anybody with such a dark complexion could have such light eyes. She said she was wondering how, if she were painting my portrait, she'd make it look real."

"Love at first sight!" Jim interposed wryly.

"If that had been it, maybe I could have handled it," Clark said. "But aside from the portrait angle, I don't think I made much impression on her. We exchanged a few pleasantries and then some young man came up and told her she'd have to hurry if they were going to the theatre before the curtain rose. I thought he was probably her husband. She said it had been nice seeing me and that perhaps I'd like the rest of her drink. She handed it to me and left. I noticed there was no lipstick on the glass and wished I'd noticed before, so I could have asked her the brand name. Dorothy is always looking for a lipstick that doesn't come off all over everything. . . ."

He paused, peering through the windows trying to get his bearings, they were somewhere over the Midlands. "Amazing how time flies when you're talking about yourself."

"Or a pretty girl," Jim said.

"She's not really pretty," Clark mused. "It's mostly her colouring you notice. Her nose is snubbed and her feet are big . . . but where was I?"

"At the party. Your friend had just left with her husband . . ." Jim said absently. He was thinking of his first meeting with Patricia. . . . She was wearing a red beret, and beneath it her cheeks were red, too, and the briefcase she'd carried looked much too big for her. She'd looked at him across his desk and sighed, "I thought I'd never make it past the front desk," she said, "but here I am, me and operation free lance." She'd tapped the briefcase, "From my perch in the filing room I've been studying the Byers account, working on some ideas." She'd smiled and up went the corners of her eyes, "My name is Patricia, Patricia Ware." She'd held out her hand. "Junior file clerk in one branch of Lee & Young Advertising Agency." Suddenly all the young assurance had left her and she'd collapsed in the chair opposite him, a schoolgirl with a paper for the teacher to read.

* * *

"BUT you see it wasn't her husband," Clark was saying. "I almost wish it had been. Well, as I said, I didn't make an impression on her and while I'd found her attractive enough I didn't think about her again one way or another until a few days later I dropped into a place for lunch and she was there, sitting alone at a table for two.

"I wasn't at all sure she'd remember me but she did. The place was full so she asked me to join her. Unlike most of the women around us in their hats and dark suits, Sidney was wearing a sweater and skirt, both of them on the baggy side. I was trying to place her in the scheme of things when I saw the paint stains around her nails. 'Artist?' I said and she said, 'Of sorts' but she didn't seem to want to go on with the subject. Along with the paint stains I'd noticed that she wasn't wearing a wedding ring. I was glad about that and that should have warned me but it didn't.

"Usually I don't drink in the middle of the day when I'm working but I ordered a martini and she asked me if I lived in London. When I told her I did she said I didn't look as though I did. When I asked her about this, she flushed and said I didn't have the dull-edged look common to most Londoners. She said she'd imagined I lived in the country. She herself came from Devon and thought she could spot country folk anywhere. They looked glad to be alive, she said.

"We talked about Devon and London for awhile and then we ordered lunch. I wish you could have seen the lunch that girl put down!" Clark grinned and shook his head as though he still found it difficult to believe. "Roast beef, potatoes, salad, rolls, butter, and the biggest apple dumpling I ever met. And you saw her! Slim as a willow. I thought maybe she was half starved and, figuring I'd be paying for it, was stocking up for a week ahead, but when it came to the bill, she wouldn't let me pay for her. Was adamant about it. Said it was because it had been her idea that I have lunch with her, that if it had been the other way around that would have been different. So what could I do? I let her pay for her lunch and then asked her to have dinner with me the next night."

"Naturally," Jim said and again experienced the pang of jealousy. That's how it had started with him too, across a lunch table but that's not how it had ended, for Clark and his girl. Clark had memories. Jim's memories stopped almost where Clark's began, across a restaurant table. Ten days and six restaurants later and Patricia, her eyes suddenly muted and hollow, saying, "Of course, I understand, of course." And he with that ache in his chest knowing that she didn't understand, knowing with a dry taste in his mouth that he hardly understood himself.

But worst of all had been what happened after that, after the little silence in which they both contemplated the ruin of what had been, stared into the abyss of what was. . . . "I wouldn't be possessive," Patricia had said suddenly her eyes lighting up as though she'd suddenly discovered the solution to it all, "and I wouldn't expect it to last because, of course, it couldn't. And it isn't," she said, her hands, her lovely, thinking hands playing with the flowers of the centrepiece, "as though I were, as though I had never before, as though I hadn't been married once," she'd finished breathlessly.

* * *

"IF wasn't," Clark was saying, "until the next night when I took her out to dinner that I told Sidney I was married but she'd known all along, our hostess at the cocktail party had told her. Sidney is divorced. She keeps his picture on the bookcase in her living-room. It's the first thing you see. She keeps it for protection, she says. She tells some of the men she meets that he's her husband and in the navy, others she tells it's her fiancé and that he lives up north. She says she can tell from their reaction what it is they want of her."

"What did she tell you?" Jim said.

"That it was a picture of her ex-husband. That he's married and has three children and that she sends them all presents at Christmas. She loves giving presents." Clark paused and frowned. "She's too damned generous . . . to everyone . . . porters, cleaning women, anybody looking for a hand-out or a shoulder to cry on. Takes care of everybody but herself. Lives like a gipsy, works ten or twelve hours a day and then thinks nothing of staying up most of the night. Not that she's a party girl. Likes to take her shoes off and talk. Or listen. I'd forgotten there were so many interesting things in the world to talk about besides business and politics."

JIM nodded in silent agreement. It had taken Patricia's light verse, scribbled on the backs of menus, to remind him that he once fancied his chances as a cartoonist, it had taken her delight at this discovery to produce a few tentative drawings to illustrate her verse.

"We talked once," Clark said, "until three in the morning about what period of history we would have chosen to live in if we'd had a choice. She chose the Renaissance but I held out for something more robust . . . the early days of the British Empire. We found when it came right down to it that mostly we wanted to be alive at the same time." He smiled reminiscently. "I guess it was then we knew we were in love. But we didn't talk about it. That came later. That came the weekend her aunt came up from Exeter and stayed in Sidney's flat.

"Her aunt was nice enough but she took up a lot of space. She'd brought two of her dogs with her and they growled every time I put my foot in the front door which didn't make me feel exactly welcome. To top things off the aunt was, naturally, just about my age and reminded me considerably of Dorothy.

"It was the second day she was there that I blew up. No one thing. Everything. I didn't have any idea until then how dependent I'd got (*Continued on page 65*)

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on Sidney, on having her around. Alone. I don't even remember what sent me storming out of the flat like a spoiled brat. But I remember how I felt going down alone in the lift. Angry. Hollow. Finished. I walked all the three miles to our flat. I'd cooled off when I got home. I wasn't anything. I just knew I loved the girl and that I'd got to stop seeing her.

"In the beginning I'd asked her, a couple of times, to come to my place but she'd always made some excuse and eventually I caught on that she didn't want to intrude on what she thought of as being Dorothy's territory.

"I didn't ask her again but that night when I got home she was waiting for me in the hall. She was still wearing her painting slacks and she looked as though she'd been crying. I told her I'd been an ass. We went up to the flat and I turned on the lights in the living room and went to get her a drink. I was gone a little while.

"When I came back she was looking at the picture of Dorothy and the kids on the mantelpiece and she was smiling as though she liked what she saw.

"She sat down on the sofa with her drink but she didn't look comfortable. She kept crossing and uncrossing her legs like a little girl out for tea.

"The thought came to me, in less than ten years my daughter will be as old as she is now, and the thought stuck in my gullet. I finished off my drink and another one. She'd hardly touched hers. She admired a water-colour Dorothy had picked up one summer in the south of France and I told her what I knew about the man who'd painted it, which was precious little.

"WE were acting like casual acquaintances. I thought of going over to sit beside her on the sofa. I thought that might break the thing but I was afraid she might misread it . . . the old wolf routine . . . and then I thought, well, when you come right down to it what else is it?

"And I thought, rather uncomfortably, how would you like it if less than ten years from now your Susan is sitting staring at the photographs of some middle-aged man's family when she should be in her own home with her own husband and kids. I put down my drink and got up and pulled Sidney to her feet. I said, 'Let's get out of here.' She looked at me as though I'd struck her. And as though she'd been waiting for it.

"'Why?' she said.

"So I told her why. I told her what I'd decided walking home from her flat. I told her about Susan, what I'd been thinking about Susan and about her. I said, 'This started out easy. Fun. Two people who liked each other.'

"'Two lonely people,' she said.

"'Something nice to remember,' I said. 'A good experience, a worthwhile experience.'

"'And now?' she said with that hurt, struck look.

"'And now it's outgrown us,' I said. 'Now it's too big for us.'

"'So we just forget it?' she said and began to cry. As I said, she looked as though she'd been crying when I found her waiting for me in the hall but I'd never seen her cry. It made her eyes red and her nose red and it twisted her mouth all out of shape." As he spoke Clark's eyes misted, and he paused for a moment before continuing his story.

"SHE said to hell with Susan and her middle-aged married man. Susan, she said, had her own life and I couldn't plan it for her. She hoped, for my sake, that Susan would find love easily and conventionally but that she, Sidney, had not and that she, Sidney, had nothing to do with Susan or anybody else, that she, Sidney, didn't want a home of her own and kids of her own and a husband of her own. She just wanted me. When she could see me, when it was possible. That, she said, was all she wanted. All she had ever wanted. Someone she liked and loved and felt happy with. All the rest, she said, didn't matter.

"I got her coat and put it on her and in the taxi, taking her home, I told her I loved her and that I didn't know what I was going to do about it but that I was going to do something. One thing or the other. Break with my family or break with her. Anything else, I told her, would finish her, would finish us both.

"She said I was being ridiculous. Childish. Her nose was still red and her eyes were swollen. She looked ridiculous. Childish. I told her she looked beautiful. I meant it. She said I loved Dorothy and I loved her. Differently. And why couldn't I just go on loving them both. Differently. And not hurt anybody?

"When we got to her flat the aunt had gone to bed and taken the damned dogs with her. We sat in front of the fire and listened to some South African folk records she'd just got. We didn't talk about love or anything else but all the time I was thinking, this is home, this is where I live and it wasn't the flat or the fire or the music that made it home. It was wherever she was." Clark mashed out his cigarette and glared out of the plane window.

"THAT'S rough!" Jim said. "That's rough for everybody." Again he thought of Patricia, the crinkled eyes, the vulnerable mouth, the gaiety that would never allow her to brood for long over anything as brief and undeveloped as their friendship had been. He thought of her but it was already unreal to him and only vaguely troubling. "What are you going to do about it?" he said and at his elbow, as if to give point and urgency to his words, the stewardess said, "We'll be in, in five minutes."

"I wish to God I knew," Clark said. "Either way somebody gets hurt. Either way I let somebody down. A man can't let his family down." Sighing deeply he reached for his hat, smoothed the brim, dusted a stray cigarette ash from his trouser knee. "Well, here we are," he smiled bleakly. "Keep all this under your hat."

"Wish I knew the answer," Jim said, but he knew, just as Clark did, that there was no answer, once you had reached the point of no return. For Clark, for the girl, and for Clark's wife, life could never be entirely whole again.

The plane glided downward, wheeled to a stop, and Jim unbuckled his safety belt, stood up, shrugged into his overcoat, and stepped off the plane.

There had been cold winds in London, but here it was almost spring-like. The handful of people who had come to meet the plane were in summery clothes; the men mostly coatless, some of the women wearing only light dresses.

He didn't see Carol anywhere in the offing, but then he hadn't really expected to. Carol never got anywhere on time, not even when it was important.

CLARK, coming off behind him, gave his shoulder a farewell pat. In the visitors vestibule an attractive brown-haired woman hurried toward him, smiling. Jim recognized Dorothy. There was nothing about her to remind him of Carol except the clothes, quietly expensive, and the air of assurance common to women like Carol and Dorothy, women married to successful men, who know they've more than carried their end of it, loved their husbands wisely and raised their children well. Dorothy put her hands on Clark's shoulder and as Clark bent stiffly, almost shyly, to kiss her, Jim, remembering Clark and the girl at the other airport, abruptly turned away.

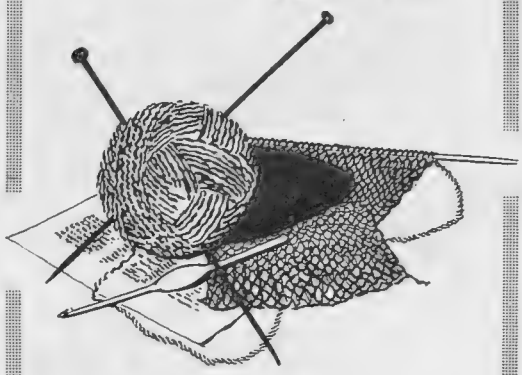
Through the window of the vestibule he could see Carol leaping out of a car, could almost hear the breathless profusion of excuses she would offer for her lateness, could almost taste the familiar sweet tang of her lipstick.

He smiled suddenly, and when she came through the door, he waved and put down his briefcase. He also took off the clumsy overcoat and tossed it on top of the case. He wanted, when Carol reached him, to have both arms free so that he could hug her, hard, right there in front of God and everybody.

END

NEXT MONTH

Special 8-page

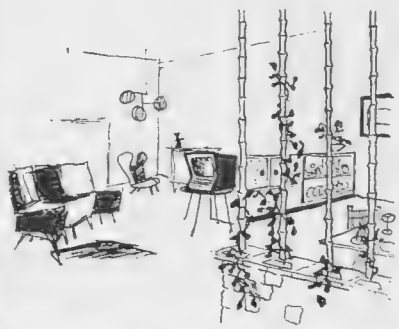


Knitting Section

● Outstanding designs to knit include a brilliant check jacket in the latest version of brushed wool. A cobweb lace-knit négligée to make a handsome Christmas gift, a dress to make on a knitting machine or for hand knitting and a variety of sweaters and accessories.

● **Review of Autumn Fashions**

Highlights of the London Collections. What the Top Twelve and the retail designers are planning for us to wear this winter, and . . . of course . . . four pages of BRITANNIA AND EVE VOGUE pattern styles.



● **Looking and Listening**

Dark evenings and alternative television programmes this Autumn must increase looking and listening. The recent Radio Exhibition has brought to light the latest designs and improvements that the makers offer in Television and Sound receivers. Some of the latest sets are shown in our feature which also makes suggestions for incorporating them in the furnishing scheme for greater comfort and easier viewing.

● **Heat that Leaks**

Heating appliances grow more varied and numerous. But when you have assured yourself of efficient heating are you so sure the heat is not leaking out of the house? The discussion in next month's issue takes an informed and practical view of methods of insulation which keep the warmth generated at high cost inside the home.

in the **OCTOBER** *issue of*

BRITANNIA and EVE

I'm Not Myself (*Continued from page 9*)

Talks At The Summit, my mind is regurgitating the rich bits and I am prone to say to him: "Did you see ON the paper about the man and the woman that . . .?"

My husband is a tolerant man. He raises his eyebrows but he says nothing.

After dinner, I invariably find myself immersed in a book I had no desire nor intention of reading. It could be anyone of a couple of thousand, but it has to be the one I've seen my husband reading most recently.

If he sinks so low as to pick up a current magazine it's agony until he puts it down and I can have it myself.

Oddly enough, I have no inhibitions at breakfast time. I will snaffle *The Times* if he so much as puts it down for a second while he rummages for a cigarette. If he asks for it back (very politely) I develop a state of schizophrenia which lasts all day. It would be exactly the same, of course, if we read any other paper.

We recently had a visit from a large mustachioed Australian with the carriage, the voice and the belly of a sergeant-major. He had been in the room for only five minutes when I felt the swelling and the bristling starting up within me. My voice sounded much deeper, and my adjectives on several occasions became quite startlingly pink. My lips seemed to shape themselves as though restricted by a bronze and hairy growth. It wasn't that I said anything much—I didn't get the chance with two men and another woman in the room—but throughout his visit my personality was drained off and seemed replaced by his. I felt rumbustious and indulged myself in bouts of unprecedented laughter, anger, scorn, and derision.

As soon as he left, I relaxed into my normal shape and voice and demeanour. The sight of my sleeping babes aroused a great wave of maternal tenderness and I slept the safe sweet sleep of motherhood.

THE next morning I reviewed myself and gave myself a good talking to—for this had been by no means an isolated case. "You should stiffen up the sinews and summon up the blood," I told myself, "and maybe there's still time for you to rise like the phoenix from your own ashes."

For a time I conducted myself along strongly individual lines. I argued freely. I refused to listen to the Light Programme at two o'clock. I disconnected the television. I spurned even *The Times*. I went to the library and selected my own books. I slapped the children if I felt like it. I got angry with my husband and failed to put his slippers by the fire. I let my hair grow long and refused to wear make-up. I shut the door in the face of itinerant tradesmen and I tore up all the coupons for detergents and did my washing with soap powder. I ate great slabs of chocolate cake and piled the cream into my coffee. No wholemeal and vitamins for me!

I was just getting back to normal when the "whispering lovers" came down from Cambridge for a longish stay. They were both just twenty-three: he, tall, dark and handsome—she, slight golden and bewitchingly freckled. It was, as first young love should be, a total love which left them immune to hours, meals, and even the presence of a third or fourth party. As with one-way glass, we could see them but they gave no sign of seeing us. They rarely spoke above a whisper.

I should own that I am usually in quite good voice: and if you have a couple of school-age kids you probably know exactly what I mean.

Quite astonishingly, I started to whisper, even to the children.

"Go and wash your faces," I breathed. They slunk off to the bathroom, slanting disconcerted looks over their shoulders. My husband had to come out from behind *The Times* to discover what was going on: he's been schooling himself for years to keep his ears shut to what is going on.

"Have you a sore throat?" he inquired after a time.

"No," I said softly, and I felt his long puzzled stare following me right out of the room.

"Dinner is ready," I told him a little later. I was as astonished as he was to find my trembling hand resting on his arm and my eyes probing his for a response I had been seeking—and got—ten years ago!

If I had had the art to serve him frizzled bacon, roaring steak, and mushy potatoes as on our first wedded meal together, the chances are that we might have recaptured the spirit of our brand new marriage and started out all over again.

However, a consummate *poularde jardinere* French pineapple tart and excellent coffee soon put an end to any nonsense of that sort. . . .

Far worse, however, was the emergence of the sad fact that try as I might, I seemed to have lost for ever, the art of being myself.

I suppose I could retire to a tribe of primitive people, or to a desert island, in an attempt to find myself. But I don't think I dare to do anything bold, dashing, or original. I don't think I've got a back bone. I've only got a wish-to-please-bone.

I expect I shall sink into oblivion quite painlessly. The worst that could possibly happen to me would be that I should come into close contact with someone as nebulous as myself.

Then, I'm afraid, we should just cancel each other out.

END

Children Think Like Children

(*Continued from page 13*)

much he would need of a given thickness. This he managed to do, but the experience gave arithmetic new meaning and thereafter his interest quickened.

Reading and spelling are the first serious hurdles for slow starters but these types rapidly make up time once they become fluent in reading. Mothers can do a lot to help in the very first stages. If the time can be found, reading *with* the child, while he is overlooking the book, encourages him to learn without being conscious of teaching. By repeating the same stories over and over while he looks as well as listens the formation of letters and words is impressed upon his mind.

Sometimes the development of ability, and interest are handicapped by unsuspected emotional difficulties which inhibit the ability to learn and make the child seem lazy or dumb.

Susan is typical. She went to school at five and was a very lively little girl but showed a total inability to learn. Neither penalties nor rewards had any effect and the transfer to another school made no improvement. Finally, in the long summer holiday, her mother, a professional woman, in desperation gave considerable time to reading with Susan. Her progress was rapid but once back at school the same curious inability to concentrate reasserted itself. She was plainly in need of something that school could not give her, individual encouragement.

How real and influential such emotional sources of backwardness can be has been shown in the results of some research recently published.

It all began with a "clinical surprise" over two mites in an institution. These two babies were so backward in activity and interest that after tests and observations they were placed in a ward with retarded older girls. Six months later the visiting psychologist was astounded to see that they had improved beyond all hope or expectation.

Enquiries showed that the two babies had become the pets of the ward. Patients and attendants had played with and petted them while the attendants had made a practice of taking them home in their off duty time, buying them toys or picture books and developing close affectionate relationships. Intelligence had advanced with the influence of personal attention and love. Both children ultimately attained a normal standard.

The experiment was repeated with a number of dull children with the same happy result.

But the measure of each child's development was found, on careful examination of the factors, to rest primarily on closer human relationships. Where a child had made close, affectionate relationships with one, or possibly two adults, like deputy parents, his progress was more marked than that of the children who had made only general and diffuse relationships with a number of people.

I quote these exaggerated case histories only to emphasize the importance of individual attention as a stimulant to intelligence. Busy women are not consciously inattentive to young children. Yet the demands of a home—and often those of a job as well—inevitably tend to leave a babe to his own devices and to playing and learning alone. If some part of the day can be devoted to playing with mother, intelligence in many cases grows faster. Early play shows how things are done and why. Opening and shutting boxes, pulling and pushing cupboards and drawers, or toys on wheels; such activities when shared with an adult show him cause and effect in a number of directions and answer many questions of why and how. Later, to discover how to "make" things has the same salutory effect.

But with it all the fundamental need of the small child in his early years is for someone to *share* with him. Someone who can help him to "see," to "do" and to "want to know," so that his world becomes an interesting place to discover and explore.

But time to spare for these things is a real difficulty for many mothers. The pattern of life in our time urges us in many directions, and the less vociferous demands of a baby can seem trivial in a very full day. But if we can see as a fact the help that shared pleasures can give in shaping the future of the very young, it becomes easier to experience them as something worthwhile.

The child who develops slowly is not abnormal, but his temperament demands more help than some to discover his own abilities. In the very nature of things, school tuition fails to provide that very personal attention which will help him to make this discovery early.

END

Magic In Her Scissors

(*Continued from page 15*)

Remember that for each second of the ultimate performance this extraordinary producer has personally changed the position of the little figure twenty-four times, has pulled the ridiculous chain twenty-four times and taken twenty-four pictures.

In this way she and her husband and their very small staff have produced a complete film a month for twelve months. It is not surprising that the Disney men were staggered and even her little shadow subjects treat her with a certain amount of respect.

There is a certain indefinable, breathtaking loveliness in this world. It belongs to smiling babies, soft clouds at dawn, spring flowers and most young things. Sometimes it is even seen in white petticoats trimmed with lace and pale silk ribbons. There is no single word for it but we have all met it and know what it is.

Somehow Lotte Reiniger has been given the gift to infuse her work with this tender, lovely quality and we are sometimes privileged to see it on our television screens.

This is good and this is important. We are apt to forget that loveliness is as true and real as the atomic bomb. It should be more representative of humanity's ultimate achievements.

END

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MUSHROOM MARVEL CAKE

Topsy-turvy mushrooms made out of marzipan make this cake a treat at party-time. And for Sunday tea it would be easy and gay to make this delicious Wonder-Wheel cake!

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH

4 oz. Stork Margarine · 5 oz. castor sugar · 2 eggs
1 heaped tablespoon cocoa · 2 tablespoons hot water
4 oz. self-raising flour · 1 tablespoon milk

STORK ICING

3 oz. Stork Margarine · 8 oz. icing sugar · 2 dessertspoons milk, water, or fruit juice · *green* colouring, orange or almond flavouring · desiccated coconut for sides
6 oz. almond paste · Sieved cocoa to colour

Blend cocoa and water. Cool. Cream the Stork and sugar, beat in the blended cocoa. Beat each egg in separately then fold in sieved flour and milk. Bake in an 8″ greased sandwich tin, for 35-40 minutes on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.). Cool. Divide the almond paste in three, and darken one portion with cocoa. Roll this and one plain portion thinly, place on top of each other and roll again. Cut out eight 2-inch rounds, shape each into a mushroom. Make stems and attach to centres with jam. For the icing, cream the Stork with half the sieved icing sugar, then beat in remainder with liquid and flavouring. Add colouring. Ice cake, coat sides with coconut and arrange mushrooms as in picture.

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WONDER WHEEL CAKE

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

STORK SANDWICH

4 oz. Stork Margarine · 4 oz. castor sugar
½ teaspoon raspberry flavouring · 4 oz. self-raising flour · 2 eggs

FILLING

¼ pint whipped cream

GLACE ICING

12 oz. icing sugar · 4 dessertspoons warm water · Raspberry flavouring · Pink colouring
Glacé cherries and angelica leaves to decorate

Cream Stork and sugar, beat in eggs, add flavouring. Fold in sieved flour, and bake in an 8″ greased sandwich tin with round of greaseproof paper in bottom for 35 to 40 minutes on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4 : 360°F.). Cool. When cold cut crossways in two and cut top portion into eight triangular sections. Mix sieved icing sugar and water, add flavouring, and colour half. Ice four sections pink, four white and leave to set. Pipe swirls of whipped cream over the bottom half of cake. Arrange iced sections with alternating colours on top of the whipped cream and decorate as in picture.

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Calypso (*Continued from page 42*)

Never, since that night, have I lost my passion for Caribbean dancing and music, though I have sometimes found them difficult to recognize in the form they take far from their home. A frilled shirt on western shoulders hardly makes a rumba-player; a bare veal-coloured midriff somehow imparts an uninteresting unnatural impropriety to the Afro-Cubano. It was some years after my Cuban journey, that the whole outside world took up the *rumba*. In its export form I first saw it danced by Anglo-Saxons in a Shanghai nightclub. I failed to notice in it any connection with the enchanting ritual I had once witnessed in the little Cuban square.

Caribbean rhythms suffer badly from the favour of the outside world. What sadder dance music can there be to ears that have known the original than the jazzed-up *mambo* which continues to sweep North America, enchanting though Judy Holliday made it in "Phfft"? Caribbean music cannot thrive in a hygienic materialistic world where Man makes or explains away everything.

Of course, the dances and the rhythms differ slightly from island to island—*rumbas* and *congas* in Cuba, the erotic *beguine*, danced by pretty Martiniquaise who have never heard of Cole Porter; the Haitian *meringue*, the even more erotic *shay-shay* of Jamaica, and the impudent *calypso* of Trinidad. But they are all inspired by a respect for, and a sense of surrender to, forces completely beyond human control. Not that to enjoy this ever self-renewing music, one must necessarily indulge in the sinister rites of *nañigo, obeah, voodoo* or *shango*. One must however, surrender to the music of the drums, if possible prevail upon one's conscious mind to abdicate all control of the limbs. Though we can never hope to attain to the apparent bonelessness of the true Caribbean dancer—and indeed we would look ridiculous did we try—by learning to dance these dances properly, we can exercise unlikely parts of the body that badly need it, and recapture a supple dignity of carriage that Western life has almost destroyed.

Caribbean dances in general bear no relation to anything that we have ever danced in the Anglo-Saxon world or in any part of Europe, save Spain. Steps are not as important as rhythms, and while the head is invariably kept erect, you dance with the body rather than with the feet. Forget those facts and you are lost. How lost you can be I found out when I was posted to Brussels just before the war. A craze for the *conga* was sweeping the world, even the flat Flemish *polders*. I knew something about the *conga*. I knew the Cuban legend of its origin and its peculiar beat, how it was supposed to come from the cruel chains that would only allow a slave to dance three steps in any direction, and then bring him up short on the fourth. . . .

But in the Brussels nightclubs, the *conga* —that hero of Habana's carnival when long lines of fantastic masks undulate down the streets—had become an elephantine jig. Hopping and lurching, the flower of Belgian society whirled in a sort of fling that almost brought down the chandeliers. Dresses were torn, slim legs bruised, and a saturnine colleague of mine would sit on the edge of the floor, shouting, "*Plus haut*! *Plus haut*!"

If you have the luck to visit the West Indies and in Kingston, Jamaica, say, prefer to side-step the conventional dance places like the Glass Bucket (which might as well be in London or New York) seek out the places where the real Jamaican *mento* or *pocomania* can be seen as only the Jamaicans dance it. Or arrange to be in Port of Spain, Trinidad, at carnival time, when the "ping-pong" of "steel" bands—whose main instrument is a specially dented steel oil-drum cut in two—converge upon the capital and fill its streets with their soft music.

Meanwhile, the calypso writers vie to record in syncopated ballad the great events of the day, or the delicious follies of the night. England defeats Australia in the Test Matches, and an enthusiast exults:

"Good captaincy: by Len Hutton,
But the honours must go: to 'Typhoon' Tyson——"

or someone else sings how:

"Nearly lost mah life,
When Ah went home wid de: Police wife."

If you take a Caribbean journey, get to Martinique, where the women are more beautiful and the clothes more romantic than in any other of these islands; yield there to the charm of the *beguine*, the curious French lightness and glitter that almost hides a dark undertone of drums. Above all, contrive to get to Haiti, where, if you are lucky, the most extraordinary experience of all awaits you. Not merely the *meringue*, the local ballroom dance, that varies in degree of inhibition according to its circumstance, but the *voodoo* ritualistic dances, the invocation to Erzelie, the black Venus, and the sinister Baron Samedi. . . .

But if, as with too many of us, the Caribbean Islands must remain a dream, you are not doomed to hear the music of the Antilles only through a corrupted filter of the western bands which specialize in "tropical" rhythms. As West Indians crowd into this country, it grows increasingly easy to see their dances and hear their songs in original, authentic form if not in the authentic setting. And then, there is always the gramophone. A comfortably wide selection of Caribbean music is now available on discs. Space prevents my naming the best of them here but I should be happy to supply a list on request.

END

Sweet With Meat (*Continued from page 45*)

and toss in seasoned flour. Melt the dripping and fry the meat in it, turning until all sides are browned. Put alternate layers of pork and prunes in a casserole, make a brown gravy with the remaining fat, flour and about ½ pint of the prune liquid, and pour over the pork and prune layers. Add the lemon juice. Cover with a piece of greased paper before putting the lid on the casserole, and cook in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve very hot.

CANETON A L'ORANGE

1 duckling, cut into serving pieces; 2 tablespoons dripping or margarine; 2 tablespoons chopped onion; stock as required; 1 good-sized orange; 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Season the pieces of duck with pepper and salt. Melt the fat and fry the joints in it, with the chopped onion, turning each piece to ensure that it is browned all over. Now place the pieces of duck in a double cooker, together with any trimmings, and just cover with stock. Cook until the duck is tender, then remove the joints and strain the liquid. Grate the rind from an orange, and mix the juice smoothly with the cornflour. Add the liquid in which the duck was cooked, bring to the boil, stirring, and cook till it thickens. The sauce should be clear golden and skimming may be necessary to ensure this. Put the pieces of duck in the sauce, reheat, and serve very hot with creamed potatoes. Garnish with pieces of orange.

SAUSAGE WITH RICE AND BANANAS (for 4 people)

½ lb. of rice; 1 lb. sausages; 2 oz. currants; 3 bananas; salt; pepper.

First of all, cook the rice in boiling salted water. Rinse with cold water and drain. Cut the sausages into rounds, fry them until brown without adding any butter or fat. Cut the bananas into rings, put them into the frying pan with the sausages, and also the currants—previously soaked. Add the rice, stir until well mixed. Cover the frying pan after having added salt and pepper, leave on a low flame until the rice is hot, then serve.

VEAL FRUIT STUFFING

1 cup seedless raisins; 2 oranges, peeled and finely sliced; 2 large onions, minced; 1 stick celery, cubed; salt and pepper.

Mix the ingredients well together, and stuff crevices in the joint with it. Roast as usual, but cover the joint with a piece of greased paper, to ensure that the stuffing remains moist.

LAMB CHOPS AND PINEAPPLE

1 slice of pineapple per person; 1 lamb chop per person.

Put the slices of pineapple on a dish to heat gently in the oven. Grill the chops as usual, and serve each chop mounted on a slice of pineapple. Add half a cup of pineapple juice to the drippings in the grill pan, stir well together, thicken with cornflour and season, and serve as gravy. Potato purée goes well with this dish.

JAMBON A L'ANANAS ET AUX CERISES

1 uncooked ham; 1 tin pineapple slices; Maraschino cherries; 1 cup of pineapple juice; 1 tablespoon mustard; 1 tablespoon plain flour; 4 tablespoons brown sugar; ¼ cup of weak vinegar; 20 cloves.

Take off the outer skin of the ham. Using a pointed sharp knife, lightly cut the ham making squares, and stick a clove into each intersection. Coat the ham with a sauce made of mustard, flour, sugar, vinegar and pineapple juice, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour, basting frequently. Ham takes from 15 to 18 minutes per lb. to cook. Ten minutes before it is cooked, decorate the ham with slices of pineapple and cherries as illustrated. Add the remainder of the fruit to the baking-tin, sprinkle with brown sugar, baste with sauce. Return to oven to brown and for the fruit to heat through. Put the ham in the centre of the serving dish and garnish it with slices of pineapple and cherries. Serve hot.

END

Knitting (*Continued from pages 40–41*)

SCOOP-NECK JERSEY

* p. 2, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, *. Repeat from * to * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. Work in rib until work measures 5 ins. Cast off. Finish the end of the elastic off and stitch seams. Turn neckside to the inside of work and stitch down on the wrong side.

SLEEVE BANDS

With No. 13 needles and right side of work facing, pick up 200 sts., k. 2, p. 2 rib.

1st row.—Rib 110 sts., turn, keeping rib all the time, work 18 sts., turn. Work 22 sts., turn. Work 26 sts., turn. Work 34 sts., turn. Work 42 sts., turn. Work 50 sts., turn. Work 58 sts., turn.

Keep on in this way, adding 8 extra sts. on the end of every turn until you have 106 sts. Now add 4 sts. at the end of each turn until you have 170 sts. Now work 8 extra sts. on the end of next 2 rows, 6 sts. on the next and 8 sts. on last row. Cast off. Sew up side seams.

POLO-NECK SWEATER

NECK RIBBING

Using the finer needles, pick up 6 sts. across the rib rows of opening at left side, then 1 st. into each of the 22 sts., then 6 sts. on the straight at front, then 10 sts. over the shaping, then the 25 sts. at the centre front, then the same number of sts. to correspond at other side of the neck, with only 23 at the back as the 6 rib rows this side are folded under (108 sts. in all).

Rib firmly for 50 rows then cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join the sides and sleeves. Set in sleeves. Turn over the collar and catch down the opening. Press well under a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew on the hooks and eyes at finish.

END

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Buying A Second-hand Car

(*Continued from page* 36)

fairly common and can be easily dealt with if not too bad.

But this question of rust is one that needs every attention. Take a look at the boot, underneath the wings, and especially along the bottom of the doors (the door panels rust from inside). Try pushing the panel with your finger—it may go right through!

Dropped doors can be an irritating problem. If the column is warped, it can be a costly item. Less serious is hinge wear, but it is one of those things worth noting.

Now comes a more detailed inspection. Lift the bonnet and look at the frame just at the rear of the engine, for this is the spot where breaks usually occur. The most common faults of a serious kind are cracked, broken or badly corroded chassis frames, cracked cylinder block and engines that are worn out. A cracked cylinder is difficult to spot. Sometimes it can be seen from the outside if there is rust but look into the radiator filler for oil in the water. That is almost a sure sign which no amount of fiddling can hide.

You will need to take the car for a good run before deciding on the general engine condition.

Noise from anywhere means wear. If there is excessive smoke from the exhaust, especially when accelerating, this is a sure sign of engine wear. A consistent hum from the rear suggests an expensive rear axle repair, and if a gear lever has a tendency to jump out when accelerating or slowing down, I'd leave that car alone. It is an indication that a costly overhaul is needed.

Incidentally, when you have the lid up have a good look at the general cleanliness of the engine. Excessive filth and the presence or absence of grease are signs of the general care that has been taken of the car.

Steering and the wheels are my particular phobia. Too many accidents have been caused by faulty steering-wheels. Worn steering can be discovered by turning the steering column to see how much free movement there is. This should be about two inches on the rim. If there is four to six inches the situation is serious. Much more and you might as well sign your own death warrant!

There is a simple way of checking the wheel bearings for looseness. Just grip the top of the tyre and press to and fro. Any movement of the wheel and a metallic "click" suggests wear in the bearings, or "king pins." You can spot a buckled wheel by jacking up, revolving the tyre and holding a pencil steadily a little way from it. Have a look at the rear wheels too, as these bearings may be worn. Engage top gear and see how much the wheel will turn. If the movement is more than six inches at the tyre there is wear in the rear axle and transmission.

The condition of the tyres and the way they are worn are as indicative of the character of the previous driver as a pair of shoes of the walker. You can read all their faults. Excessive wear on one part of the tyre can stem from fifteen causes, from bad driving to a serious technical fault in the steering, or a bent axle.

There are dozens of minor points such as lights, chrome work, horn, windscreen wiper and so on. And just before you sign on the dotted line, it is as well to check those brakes!

END

Carpets

(*Continued from page* 29)

standard size suits your room? As the American housewife has done for years you, too, can now have just the size you want cut "off the roll"—and no seaming to worry about. British makers are now offering broadloom carpet—at one time "export only"—woven in rolls but in widths up to about fifteen feet. Choose broadloom and the problem of fitting an extra long room and still ensuring an even surround disappears. More, it will enable you to close-cover some rooms without costly seaming and making-up.

Your carpet can be exactly the same fabric as your covers: a machine-made replica of the famous Gobelin tapestry which is so strong that, given a rubber backing, it will outlast any medium quality Axminster carpet. And, incidentally, it costs about a third less.

You can—pocket permitting—have a carpet woven in one piece to literally any shape and almost any size—even to fit a spiral staircase. It is equally possible to have a carpet which glows in the dark: someone's bright idea of a boon to cinema usherettes!

But among the more practical developments look out in the next few months for a carpet, entirely new to this country although familiar enough in America, which is tufted rather like a candlewick fabric. Its great advantage is that it will cost very much less than any other carpet on the market and in good qualities should wear well.

Quite apart from the old tag about plain carpets for small rooms and large patterns for big ones, the very designs in this year's collections suggest ways of using carpet to solve our decorating problems. You have a long, narrow room? The new carpet with a thin line stripe was made for you. Lay it with the stripes running the narrow way of the room and you'll have achieved an optical illusion which is very effective.

You have a tiny flat which doesn't allow startling changes, yet are determined not to be dreary about it? At least one range was designed to meet just your need. Small, all-over patterns are woven in different colours and each is also made in the reverse way: that is, a maroon on grey design also appears in a grey on maroon version. By ringing the changes on one pattern alone you can at once achieve both variety and harmony: the most difficult task of any decorator.

Think, too, of the possibilities of this idea in a combined sitting-dining room. Here, a single design in two different colours could be used to zone the room into two sections for eating and sitting. And no need for an unhappy compromise between a dark colour suitable for the dining end and the more delicate colour wanted in the sitting area.

What about quality? The thing is not to be too bemused by old saws about this or that weave being the hardest wearing. For although it's true, for example, that a top-grade Wilton is one of the best carpets there is, this is not by any means the same as saying that every Wilton is better than every Axminster. Far better rely on a sound knowledge of the properties that make a good carpet regardless of the process by which it is made.

The fact that the best Wiltons have a very short pile is an important clue though. For length of pile—so often taken as the criterion of quality—means absolutely nothing in itself. More important is closeness of individual tufts: the more there are to the square inch the better the carpet will wear, other things being equal. A careful examination, incidentally, will reveal nearly as much about this as painstakingly counting the tufts on the back of the carpet which you *can* do if you've a mind for such things.

The other vital factor in quality is the material from which the pile is made. Resilience—the ability to recover from being trampled on—is surely what we demand almost above all else? For this reason wool unquestionably makes the best carpets. But sometimes other materials like cotton and even rayon are used and by an astonishing oversight you may not be told unless you ask. But you can always look for the label guaranteeing an all-wool pile.

Cotton has no resilience at all; trodden flat it just stays that way. Many cotton carpets, however, are made in reproduction oriental designs which tend to camouflage the flattened surface. There's no harm in that, provided you *know* (*Continued on page* 76

The Pooch (*Continued from page 48*)

one look, and they were gone.

When Margaret went back into the house, Ted was brushing the black hairs out of his easy chair. "Well, that's that. The house is ours again," and sat down happily in his own chair.

He finished reading the paper, then remembered the car and went out and washed the windows. He was wringing out the leather when he heard the phone. Somebody else wanting a dog. Apparently lots of people wanted a dog.

"Ted!" Margaret called from the kitchen door. "They don't want him!"

"Somebody rang," Ted asked, "just to say they *didn't* want the dog we advertised?"

"That woman," Margaret said indignantly, "doesn't want Poochie. She's bringing him back!"

"No!"

"She said——" Margaret began to laugh in spite of herself. "She said Poochie bullied *their* dog!"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"POOCHIE took one look at Mac, she said, and growled at him and scared him half to death. A great big collie. Imagine! She said of course they couldn't keep a dog that bullied *their* dog."

"I didn't think Pooch had it in him," Ted said, admiration and even delight in his voice. "Well, call the next one on your list."

Margaret made the call. She had scarcely hung up when the woman who owned the collie arrived. She was quietly angry. "Of course," she said, unsnapping the leash, "we can't keep a *truculent* dog." Her voice was restrainedly truculent. The Pooch, head high and tail well up, trotted to the steps and up to the front door. The woman drove away.

Ted let the Pooch in. He sniffed once and dashed to the kitchen. He stood there in the middle of the floor, looking first at Margaret, then at the oven. Margaret looked at Ted, who was grinning. "Come on, Rocky," Ted said. "It's not dinner-time yet." They went into the living-room. Rocky Marciano, practically with a chip on his shoulder and a murderous right cocked, leaped into his chair, grinned, yawned, sighed, and lay down.

A friendly, slight, spectacled man arrived at the door five minutes later, with a little girl in a ruffled yellow dress. Margaret invited them in. The little girl saw Rocky, exclaimed, "My doggie!" and ran to him. She hugged him. Rocky licked her face. The man beamed. "Well," he said, "I think that tells the whole story, doesn't it? Do you like him?"

"Nice doggie," the little girl cooed. "Nice Ragsie."

Her father smiled. "We had a dog until just a few months ago and called him Rags. But we had to get rid of him. Couldn't be house-trained."

Ted leaned over and held out his hand. "Come, Rags!"

The Pooch squirmed out of the little girl's arms and came over. The man laughed. "Well, isn't that a coincidence for you? I suppose he *is* your doggie?"

Ted went with them to the car. Ragsie was a little reluctant to get in at first. He looked at Ted and hesitated, then seemed to smile. And then he hopped in. The little girl took him in her lap. He licked her face again.

"I always thought," Margaret said when they had gone, "that he came from a house with small children. He makes himself so completely at home. He's so—well, so adaptable."

They had just finished dinner when the phone rang. Ted took the call. "Is that Mr. Parker?" The voice was stiff. "That dog of yours—I'm bringing him back. This evening."

"Bringing him back?" Ted gasped. "What happened? He didn't get in a fight with a neighbour's dog, did he?"

"Oh," the man said icily, "so he fights, too. You didn't tell me that. But you *did* say he was house-trained!"

"He certainly is!"

The man laughed coldly. "I'll be right over."

The man didn't even come to the door. He honked his horn and Ted went out. The man opened the car door and Poochie hopped out, nonchalant as could be. The man drove away without a word.

The Pooch was waiting at the front door. Ted let him in and he bounced into the kitchen. Margaret was washing the dishes. She said, "So, you were a bad dog. Aren't you ashamed?"

The Pooch lowered his ears. Whether he was ashamed or not, he was measurably contrite. He was also hungry. He looked at the remains of the roast on the table, then at Margaret, and licked his chops. "Do you suppose," Margaret asked, "they didn't even feed him?" She dried her hands.

"Probably," he replied. "He struck me as just the kind of character who would punish a dog by starving him. Hungry, Tramp?"

The Tramp wriggled, every inch of him, and licked Ted's hand and uttered a soft bark. He got out the bag of dog food. The dog looked at him and turned away. Turned to Margaret, and the roast.

"You know he doesn't like that stuff," she said. "Besides, he smells the roast."

The dog food was put away. Margaret trimmed the roast, liberally. She covered the meat with gravy. "Even a condemned criminal," she said, "gets a good meal before——"

Ted went to the telephone and made a call. When he came back he said, "*This* one will work. It's a widow who doesn't sound fussy. Had a dog, but it got killed by a car only last week. . . . She'll be here tomorrow morning. . . . Well, out you go, Bad Penny. After your performance today, you sleep outside."

Bad Penny looked aggrieved but resigned. Margaret found an old blanket for him to sleep on. (*Continued on page 72*)

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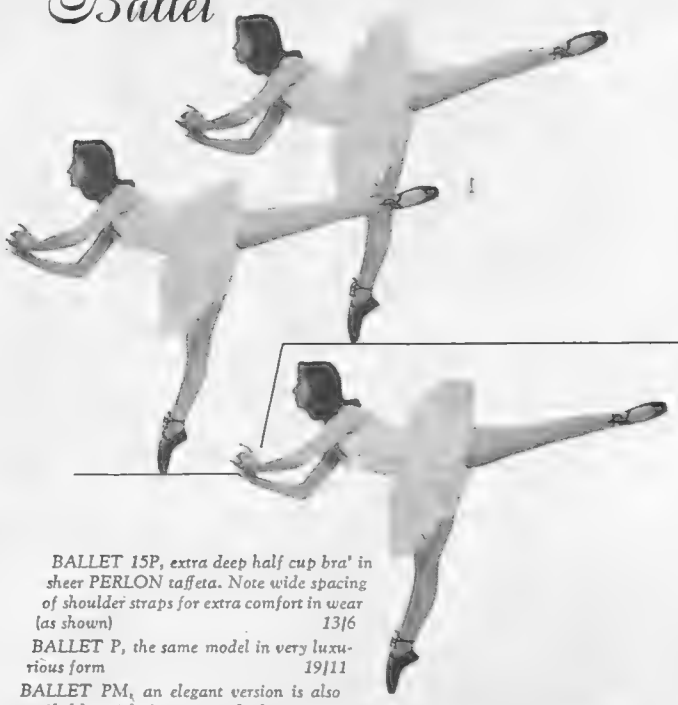

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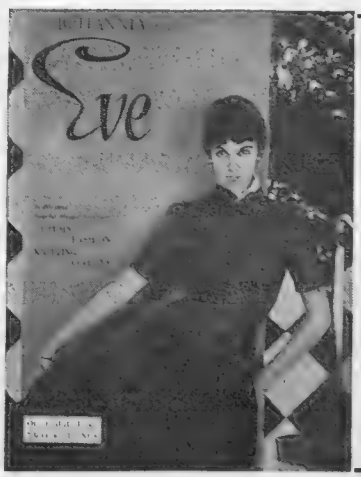

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The woman who came the next morning had only one question: "He's used to eating table scraps, isn't he?"

"He loves them," Margaret assured her.

"My Timmy," the woman said, "thought tinned dog food wasn't fit to eat. I agree with him."

Ted leaned over and almost said, "Come, Timmy," but refrained. The Pooch came anyway. He gave him a farewell pat and watched as they went down the path to the woman's car. The Pooch got in and they drove away. Ted turned to Margaret. "Well, that's the last you'll see of The Adventurer."

They waited all morning. No telephone call. Neither mentioned the Pooch, but both knew they had been waiting in suspense. Lunch, and still no phone call. That afternoon they went shopping.

When they came home, there was the Pooch, lying on the step, tied to the door with a length of clothes line. On the door was a note. Six words, each written with an angry slashing of a pencil which had cut through the paper in several places: "Your dog killed my cat."

They read the note, aghast. "Why," Margaret exclaimed, "Poochie never chased a cat in his life!"

"He chased one this time," Ted groaned. "Look at him!"

The Pooch was lying disconsolate, looking at them accusingly. He rubbed his muzzle with a blood-smeared paw. Across that muzzle was a long, red gash.

Ted untied the rope. They went into the house. The Pooch climbed into his chair and tried vainly to reach the gash with his tongue, rubbed it again with his paw and smeared blood on the chair. Margaret went for the first-aid box.

A few minutes later the phone rang. Ted answered it. "Are you," said a heavy masculine voice, "the fellow with a dog to give away? . . . Well, I just want to ask one question. Does he chase cats?"

Ted searched frantically for the right answer.

"Because if he does," the man went on, "I want him. Any dog that'll chase cats will chase rats. I want a dog to train for ratting."

"This dog," Ted said, "is *death* on cats. When can you get him?"

"Can't get in tonight. Got the milking to do. How about first thing in the morning?"

"Any time. The earlier the better."

The farmer arrived at a quarter to eight the next morning. Ted took Death-on-Cats to the van. The man grinned at the scratch on Death-on-Cat's nose. "He's the dog I'm looking for! How about it, Cat-Killer?"

Cat-Killer sniffed the leg of the farmer's overalls and wagged his tail.

"One thing," Ted said. "If he doesn't work out for you, will you find him a home somewhere else? We're going away, and——"

The man laughed. "Don't you worry! We'll work out all right. . . . Come on, Dog!" He opened the door of the van. Dog hopped in, settled himself on the seat. The farmer shook hands. "Well, thank you, sir."

"Thank *you*," Ted replied. He didn't even wait to see Dog's parting look. He went in the house and said, "Bag all packed?"

THEY had it all planned. Just as soon as the Pooch was gone, they were going. They were making a short weekend trip before the Scottish holiday proper. It was Ted's idea. If the farmer phoned, nobody would be there to answer. If he brought the Pooch back, nobody would be there to take him in. Whatever happened, the farmer and the dog would have to settle it themselves. Ted Parker was through with the Pooch.

They went. They had a wonderful time, a kind of preview of the big trip. It was the first time for years they had gone anywhere and not had to think about the children, or any other responsibilities. They could stop when they pleased, and where they pleased. They didn't have to telephone home and find out how Meg was getting on. They didn't have to stop every hour for an ice cream. "Or," Ted said, "to walk a dog." "And," Margaret said, "no dog hairs. . . . Oh, I do hope he gets out in a car sometimes, though. He loved to ride in one."

"And sniff down my neck," Ted mused. "Smear the windows, and growl at every dog we passed. The Nuisance!"

"I'll miss him, even so," Margaret said. "Remember the way he waited in the drive, when we left him at home? Practically a welcoming committee, with banners."

"Always thought I was going to run over him," Ted said.

"And the way he waited at the door, the way you taught him to let me in first."

"And then almost knocked you down, rushing in right after you. . . . Well, good riddance."

"Funny little fellow."

They had a wonderful weekend, and they came back. They came home in the dusk and turned in their drive. And there he was, the welcoming committee, with banners. Dancing in the driveway, leaping with joy, hopping aside at the very last minute.

Neither of them said a word. Ted got out to open the garage doors. The Pooch leaped towards him, whining in delight. "Down!" he ordered. "Down, Tramp!"

The Tramp backed away, polite but still prancing with joy. The car away, they got their bag and went to the front door. The Tramp was waiting on the step, waggling from muzzle to tail-tip. Ted opened the door. "Lady first," he ordered. The Tramp drew aside, let Margaret get squarely in the doorway, then lunged past her, skidded on the hall rug, yapped happily, and dashed into the living-room.

Ted turned on the light. The Tramp was standing in the middle of the room, *his* room, bidding them welcome with a smile that showed all his teeth and most of his tongue. There was a length of rope around his neck, the end frayed, obviously chewed off.

Ted took the bag upstairs. When he came down, Margaret was in the kitchen. She was cutting up scraps of ham, then added two slices of breakfast sausage, a piece of liver, crumbled up a slice of bread, and poured left-over gravy on it, gravy she had heated in a pan.

"I wonder if he's been here all weekend," he said.

"Probably, he's starved."

The dog was lying in the middle of the kitchen floor. He had a mass of burrs behind his ears. He was watching Margaret, but he gave Ted a glance and thumped his tail.

"Worthless!" Ted said, and leaned over to untie the frayed rope.

"I suppose," Margaret said, "he doesn't want to be a farm dog."

Ted dropped the rope in the waste basket and began pulling out the burrs. The dog licked his hands, then leaped to his feet. Margaret was pouring the warm gravy over the meat.

"Hungry?" she asked.

The dog yapped once. She set the pan on the floor. He began to wolf it.

"There's only one thing he wants," she said.

"What?"

"To be your dog."

"Our dog," Ted said. "But, damn it, I wanted to pick our dog!"

"We didn't pick the children. We took them as they came. I wanted curly blonde hair for Meg, and what did we get? Brown hair straight as an Indian's! You wanted Walter to be an extrovert full back." She laughed. "We got a son five foot seven and a stage designer!"

"I wanted a dog with personality," Ted said.

Margaret smiled. The dog looked up and seemed to wink at her.

Ted sighed. "A lot of hotels," he said, "won't let you in with a dog."

"In the back of the Guide," she countered, "is a list of places that welcome dogs. If they're well-mannered."

He ruffled the dog's back-hair with his toe. "Well, Machiavelli, can you mind your manners?"

"What a name for Poochie!" Margaret said. "You can't call him Mac. Remember Mac, the big collie he scared half to death?"

"I can call him Mike, can't I?" Ted asked. "How about it, Mike?" He leaned over and held out his hand. "Come, Machiavelli. Come here, Mike!"

Mike licked the last drop of gravy from the pan and came. He nuzzled Ted's hand and looked up at Margaret. His eyes were soft and innocent as a babe's—a babe, not a baby.

Ted stood up. "Mike," he ordered, "go in the living-room and get in your chair. And," he added, "watch your manners. I think you're going to need them."

Mike went.

END

The Wearin' o' the Tweed

(*Continued from page 32*)

responsible for the success of the Donegal tweeds. Her success has been phenomenal and continuous since the showing of her first collection some five years ago. The tremendous blare of publicity that surrounds the international dress shows (Miss Connolly has taken her collections to the United States, Canada and Australia) has been a beacon to illuminate the Irish industry. About 80 per cent of her models are of Irish fabrics, whether tweed, linen or lace, most of them handwoven, and there are Donegal weavers who work only for her.

Each season lengths of tweed known as "blankets" are woven, and from these the final colour blends and types of cloth are chosen.

Brown is one of this season's fashionable colours, so a warp was prepared (the long threads which run the whole length of a piece of fabric). This time they were of stripes shading from white through sand, gorse yellow, to the deep brown of peat. As the piece was woven the weft yarns running across also changed their colours every four inches. The finished "blanket" was a patchwork of squares each with its own colour blends. I looked at this lovely fabric and recalled the same subtle blends of tone on the weathered stone of a nearby wall. And so with the greys and greens, the deep purples and reds, the soft pinks, the blue of the mountains at dusk like the bloom on a grape.

For Donegal colours are many. Emerald, grey and white are in the vivid grass, the grey stone, the small white crofts tucked cannily into the shelter of a nook in the hills, into the lea of a cliff, the thatch roof netted and held down with stones, but there is so very much more. This county is a subtly coloured patchwork of glen and moor, of the sudden dramatic lift of great hills and mountains into the lonely sky. The fretted granite coast is carved into countless estuaries and inlets by the great Atlantic gales. Carrigart marsh is covered with tiny pink flowers to the foot of blue mountains; the slopes of Barnesmór carry the deep brown scars of "footings" from which turf for burning has been cut, the pale sands of wide bays curve away into the distance; and all the time the colours change.

A piece of hand-woven cloth has a quality difficult to describe, and the weavers of Donegal are traditionally the most skilled in Ireland, and proud of it. They are proud, too, of their independence, and like to be their own masters. They work at home, happy to own enough land for their oats and potatoes, a cow and a loom.

The loom is housed in a tiny lean-to built for the purpose against the croft, or in an equally small room partitioned off the cottage living-room. In most cases weavers build their own loom, and will tell you that each one has a different "feel." For those who cannot work in the croft, perhaps another member of the family already has a loom there, Gaeltarra have a big weaving shed, but even here, each man can own his loom. Crofters are perfectly free to buy their own yarn, weave and market it how they will, but the majority prefer to let Gaeltarra, or Magee's (a firm who for generations have employed local families) finish and market

the cloth. In effect this ensures correct delivery dates, which are vital for export markets, as well as perfect pieces.

Gaeltarra do all their own spinning and dyeing, and every week the big warp beam, a cylinder with the long warp yarn ready wound and a bag containing the weft, is delivered to the croft. Completed pieces are collected at the same time. With the yarn the weaver gets a supply of specially woven labels, some have the Irish crest, others a brand name such as "Barnas-Mór," or "Carrig", and below is this woven inscription—"This cloth was handwoven by me in Donegal, Ireland, entirely from Pure New Wool." In the space below is the word "Weaver," and here the man who made the tweed signs his name.

END

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden

(*Continued from page 21*)

We make posies of them arranged in little baskets to give as Christmas tokens and very pretty they are! We pick them during September, tie them up in bundles and hang them up to dry.

Rhodanthe maculata and statice are annuals and prolific and easy to grow from a packet of seeds sown in a frame or greenhouse. *Rhodanthe maculata* is so dainty and charming with its green leaves that I use it as a cut flower in the summer. If you have never had Honesty in your garden, do get some. It is a most versatile plant. It flowers in the spring with the daffodils and lasts as long or longer than they.

You will have seen Honesty used in the house, but in case you are not familiar with it in the garden it grows about two and a half feet high and is as bright a purple as the aubrietia. It will grow where literally no sun reaches it. In other words, it is a magnificent shade plant. In the autumn you have the silvery white seed pods which last indoors all through the winter.

Going from the decorative to the practical, I must tell you about a very successful labour and time-saving device we installed in our garden this year. In each of our herbaceous borders (we have five fairly long ones) we laid a finely perforated plastic hose. It cannot be seen when the plants have grown and fills the border and all we do when we want to water them, is to turn on three taps and all five borders are watered at the same time. What is more, the spray is so fine—it looks like a Scotch mist—that the most delicate and full blown blooms are unharmed by it.

I wonder if you hate picking gooseberries as much as I do. Yet I hate to be without them, and it is such an advantage to have the preserved fruit through the winter. We have found a way of growing them which disposes of the picking problem. Our new method is to grow them as triple cordons up three bamboo canes along the wire netting of the chicken run (just out of reach of the hens). We train three stems up the canes, tying them in as they grow—nipping out the lateral shoots so that they form short spurs. When they reach a height of seven or eight feet we stop them and the result is all the gooseberries we want. We grow our red currants the same way. It is already time to be thinking of planting these fruits and I advise you to try them against a fence or a foot or two from a hedge.

Although leaves have not yet begun to fall we are all prepared with the newest leaf sweeper which is a great joy. It consists of a set of stiff brushes arranged like those of a carpet sweeper between two wheels and it sweeps every leaf, blade of loose grass and small stones off the lawn into a big canvas bag slung behind. It has a yard's span so that you cover the ground quickly, just pushing it along. You tip it right over and empty the leaves where you want them. We even use it when we want to cut the grass in a hurry. I keep going with the mower, but without the grass box, and Roy comes up behind with the leaf sweeper. Cutting this way becomes a non-stop operation.

END

. . . Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.

Surely it can't make all that difference?

Can't it! You don't know how I dread it every time. Same dreary old routine and the awful feeling that everybody can tell . . .

But that doesn't make sense—not nowadays. Do you mean to say you've never heard of Tampax?

Oh yes, I've heard of it, but somehow I never got round to trying it. It's—well—rather different, isn't it?

Yes, and thank goodness for that! It was invented by a doctor, you know—that's why it's so safe and efficient. But don't run away with the idea that Tampax is difficult to use. Honestly I was amazed how easy it was.

And is it comfortable?

It's wonderful—you really don't know you're wearing it. That's the best thing about Tampax. You don't have to start working out dates and all the rest of it—you just know you'll be all right.

Even for dances, you mean?

Of course! *And* tennis, *and* cycling! Just you try Tampax and see what a difference it makes.

Tampax is the safest, most modern and hygienic form of sanitary protection . . . because it's *worn internally*. You're gloriously free from clumsy pins or belts, and free from chafing too. You can buy an average month's supply of Tampax at chemists and drapers. There are two absorbencies—Regular (2/-) and Super (2/4). Tampax is also available in the new handy "Threes" at 8d. for Regular and 9d. for Super. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. E45., Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

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The Outsider (*Continued from page 39*)

more than once, but it seemed to her that their relationship made no progress. For some reason that wasn't very clear to her, she had hoped a great deal of this particular day; somehow, she was sure, it would be special. Now, as it had turned out, it wasn't to be special at all.

TO Janey's eyes the crowds seemed so enormous that it did not seem possible for them to see any of the races, but Dick managed to squeeze his way into the car enclosure near Tattenham Corner: "You can't see the finish from here," he explained. "But you can see them coming up to the corner and round into the straight. We'll hoist you girls up on to the roof of the car when the big moment comes."

"Dick darling," Elaine exclaimed. "You really are marvellously efficient about this kind of thing. I suppose you've taken care of everything."

He smiled at her; Dick's delightful, warm smile that somehow Janey had got into the way of thinking belonged especially to her. It made her feel almost ill to see him smile like that at Elaine; at even so simple a thing she felt the hot, frightening tide of jealousy rising in her. He said: "The lunch basket is in the boot. Beer, not champagne, I'm afraid."

"I wasn't thinking about food," Elaine said, aggrieved.

"Oh yes, you were," he grinned. "You may look fragile, but don't try to deceive me, lady. I know you too well."

Elaine made a charming little face at him.

"All right, darling," she said sweetly. "I won't expect oysters this time."

"Oysters?" said Janey.

Dick laughed. "I once bought this girl a dinner when oysters were in season. This was a mistake, as she loves oysters. It was also the end of the month, so Elaine had the oysters and I lived on bread and cheese till pay day."

"Oh, Dick, you are mean! You know perfectly well that if I'd known. . . ."

"If you'd known, you would still have had the oysters, sweetie."

"I think you're being hateful," she said, sweetly, pretending to be annoyed. "Tony, why don't you defend me?"

Tony struck an attitude and said something about pistols for two and coffee for one. Elaine snuggled back into her corner, her eyes sparkling above her sulky mouth. Janey thought, she has the attention of both of them now, and that is what she wanted. She's not content with Tony, she has to have Dick, too. And Dick . . . Dick takes her out to dinner and buys her oysters. Well, why shouldn't he? He's a free agent. He isn't my property. He can take whom he likes out to dinner. However, if he had wanted to, he could have taken Elaine to the Derby. Except, Janey felt sure, Elaine would have seen they went somewhere else. As it was, she had come for some reason of her own. Not for the simple pleasure of it, the happy foursome out for the day. Elaine was not one to go much either for foursomes or simple pleasures. Elaine was bored with Tony, who adored her, and was perfectly happy being trampled on; he was that kind of young man. And so, being bored, Elaine was now about to amuse herself detaching Dick from Janey.

WELL, let her try, Janey thought. I shan't stop her. If it's like that with Dick, I'd better know, the sooner the better. Then I'll stop hoping and dreaming, and making a fool of myself. She sat silent, hearing the laughing, bantering talk flow on, feeling forgotten, lost, the outsider. . . .

Dick said: "We've plenty of time to kill. Let's go and have a stroll round. We'll put our bets on presently."

They locked up the car and went. In such a crowd, it was difficult to walk with one's chosen companion; you were jostled, and had to move out of the way to let cars pass. Janey did this once, and found herself on one side of the road with Tony, while Dick and Elaine were walking along the grass verge on the other side. She saw Dick turning, looking towards her, waiting for her. Then, quite suddenly, the crowd seemed to close in, surge forward; voices said: "It's them! They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" said Janey, bewildered.

Tony said, "The Queen, I expect, and the Royal Family." A cheer went up, and Janey craned her neck, but she could see nothing. She was fearfully disappointed. If Dick had been with her he would have whisked her up in his arms so that she could have a look. She looked doubtfully at Tony; she didn't know him very well, and didn't like to ask him; after all, he hardly looked up to her weight. The crowd became fluid, divided again, and by then Elaine and Dick had completely disappeared.

Tony said: "Did you see her?"

"No," said Janey flatly. "I couldn't see anything. "Where are the others?"

Tony's kind, plain face became a little anxious. "I don't see them," he said vaguely. "They can't be far."

"No," said Janey. "They can't be far." She added brightly: "Anyway, it doesn't matter much, does it? We'll meet them back at the car."

"Yes," Tony said. He sounded a little glum; his tone implied that while Janey was a nice girl, he hadn't really planned to spend his time with her. They wandered on aimlessly. The sun still shone, and the crowd was just as gay and varied as ever, but the savour had gone out of it for Janey. She hadn't planned to spend her time with Tony, either. But she did her best to be nice to him, and he was painstakingly polite and helpful, explaining about tic-tac men and their sign language, and the general intricacies of racing. After a while Janey felt honour was satisfied, and they retraced their steps to the car.

ELAINE and Dick were there already. Elaine was sitting in the front seat, next to Dick. She was smoking, leaning back and looking at Dick with her wide, kitten-eyes through the smoke. She was the kind of girl, Janey thought bitterly, whose every gesture, word and movement was a kind of provocation. They didn't even see Janey and Tony until they were close upon them.

Dick said sharply: "Where the devil did you two get to?" He's angry, Janey thought miserably. Angry with me. Elaine made no attempt to move, so Janey climbed wearily into the back of the car.

"We lost you," she said. "When the Royal car came by. We got separated. . . ."

Dick said drily: "I'll have to put you on a lead, next time I bring you somewhere like this. Well, let's eat, shall we?"

They ate. There wasn't room in the front because of the steering, so Janey and Tony had the picnic basket on their knees, and passed things along. This was far from comfortable. Elaine sat back and accepted prettily everything that was offered to her. She also dominated the conversation and for quite a while Janey endured it silently. Suddenly, however, a devil seemed to enter into her, saying loudly in her ear, why do you put up with it? So she said abruptly: "Did I ever tell you about the time I was run over by a train?"

Elaine stopped with a piece of veal and ham pie halfway to her charming mouth and said: "You *what*?"

Dick looked towards Janey with an expression she could not read. He said quietly: "Go on, Janey. Tell us."

She told them. She had little sense of the dramatic, especially about herself, so she told the story in flat everyday tones which only served to make it more horrifying. When she was seventeen she had been away camping with a party of young people by the sea. One day it was Janey's turn to go to the village and buy the stores. At the butchers' they told her there was no need to go the long way back to the bay by the road; she could take the short cut through the disused railway tunnel. Following the directions, she made her way gaily down into the tunnel, which was quite long, and curved so that halfway you could not see the light at either end. Just then, she heard a train coming.

Elaine said: "But you said it was a *disused* tunnel."

Janey said drily: "So it was. But I was in the wrong tunnel."

Because it was quite dark she had no idea on which line the train would come; so in the space of seconds she had to decide what to do. Then she remembered that the space between the lines was usually quite deep, and that if she lay face downwards in this, making herself as flat as possible, she might get away with it.

So she had lain in the ditch between the rails, covering her head with her arms, sobbing and praying; and then the train came, and thundered over her, and it was gone and she was still alive. She stumbled back, then, to the little wayside station, and the porter and stationmaster stared amazed at the extraordinary figure, covered in rusty water and streaked with dust, shaking and sobbing and unable at first even to tell a coherent story. They had been very kind to her, and made her rest, and presently she was able to go back to the camp. "I was none the worse," Janey said matter-of-factly. "But I used to dream, rather, for a time. I've never liked trains much since then. . . ."

Elaine burst out laughing. "Oh," she said. "Janey! What a tall story! I must say you tell it well though, you had me absolutely on tenterhooks!"

There was a little silence. Janey felt herself flushing; she was conscious of a sense of affront that was almost unbearable. She looked at Elaine, smiling so sweetly at her, leaning back with her arm resting along the seat behind Dick's shoulders; the little slender arm, with the tiny bird-bones in the wrist. Janey thought in a towering, primitive rage, the little beast, I could break her across my knee. She said quietly: "Are you trying to tell me that I'm lying?"

"Janey," Dick said gently. There was a warning in his voice, and Janey thought in misery and shame, he's trying to tell me not to make a scene; trying to smooth things over. Tony was looking down, the perfect gentleman, terribly embarrassed but trying not to show it. Elaine was smiling with unalloyed sweetness. "Well, *darling*," she said. "You must admit. . . ."

Dick said quickly: "Elaine is pulling your leg, Janey. She knows quite well it's a true story." His face was a blank; Janey thought, he doesn't believe it himself. Elaine said nicely: "Of course it is, darling. I was only joking."

"All right," Janey mumbled. "Sorry."

SHE was in the wrong. They had put her in the wrong; the brash Aussie, showing off, unable to take a joke, going around with a chip on her shoulder. Dick would be ashamed of her. He was ashamed of her. He couldn't possibly be in love with her, after this. If he ever had been.

He was tactful; turning the conversation on to the races, on what they fancied backing for the Derby. Elaine was vague: "Put something on for me, darling. I don't know anything about these things." Dick and Tony exchanged views about the chances of various horses, about the favourite, the famous French horse, Parnassus II.

"What about you, Janey?"

That morning, in preparation for going to the Derby, Janey had conscientiously read the racing columns of her particular newspaper. The tipster held the conviction that it would be a favourite's Derby; but he had also mentioned a number of other horses, in the confusing way of tipsters. As clearly as if she saw the words printed before her, Janey remembered: Ajax. Ajax, an outsider, 40-1. Something seemed to say to her, that's the horse. He'll win the Derby. She had heard of this; it was called a hunch, and sometimes it came off. There must be some reason why the name of this horse came back to her so clearly. Ajax, the outsider. I'm an outsider, she thought, and the odds against my ever marrying Dick are very long indeed. . . .

She said: "Ajax." (*Continued on page 76*)

September Reading

(*Continued from page 52*)

coal-cellars, the sudden froth of a bank of wild flowers, the far-down bays as tiny as shells. . . ." Mr. Golding lacks the lit phrase which makes a landscape shine as in a low west light, but he takes us on a memorable journey pictured in excellent photographs.

Evelyn Waugh is anything but Homeric, though he puts his hero, Guy Crouchback, into the Cretan fighting in **"Officers And Gentlemen"** (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.), a self-contained sequel to **"Men At Arms."** Humorous satire and disillusionment outweigh heroics in this brilliantly written story of a Commando—a name which "rapidly extended its meaning to include curates on motor bicycles"—first training in the Scottish island of Mugg, then testing its muscles in the Middle East. "Did you spot his M.C.?" says one officer of another. "Do you know how he got it? At Dunkirk, for shooting three Territorials who were trying to swamp his boat. Great chap, old Ivor." And Ivor is the friend who contributes to Guy's disillusionment by deserting his troops in the Crete surrender. That is the ironic officer slant on army life Mr. Waugh relishes, but it's a sporting army, all the same, and fights a good fight, and maybe survives to swap drinks and quips in a West End club. He understands—none better—its humours, failings and virtues.

James Leasor is concerned more with war in the raw in **"NTR, Nothing To Report"** (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.), a sharply realistic novel of the Burma campaign. Disillusionment and irony are not lacking here, either, for one character says: "When you've been here as long as I have you'll begin to realize that most of us are nuts in one way or another. Either crazy, or talking to ourselves, or all religious, or some damn thing," and the climax is a desperate attack on a hilltop after all not occupied. Any man for whom *Imphal* or *Kohima* tolls a bell will find **"NTR"** the real thing, with no punches pulled; the rest of us can get a vivid insight into "what it was like."

We are inclined to forget Poland these days, the stark tragedy of the Warsaw rising and the bitter political aftermath; but not after reading Czeslaw Milosz's **"The Usurpers"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), in which the story of that harassed country—focused mainly through its sensitive intellectuals—is purged with pity. An old professor who is permitted to go on translating Thucydides—hoping his Russian masters won't detect double-meanings in the text—may be deemed the more fortunate under the "double-think" régime with its ideological dosings for "sick" consciences. Although this is a novel, not for a second did I think of it as fiction, for it has a sincerity that convinces, a poignancy that stabs.

Kristina in Alexandra Orme's **"Paris Original"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) is a Pole working as receptionist in a Paris fashion-house run by a hectoring Mme. Deschamps called "The Snake" but definitely a female canine. Kristina has fallen passionately in love with a Polish officer stationed in Britain. Her husband, whom she left eight years ago in Warsaw because he has a mistress, turns up to reclaim her. This is accordingly a story of emotional conflict, but also of the inside of *haute couture* as frankly feminine as **"The Women."** The author, we are told, herself worked in a Paris house as designer, but quitted the life for a log cabin in Maryland. If it was anything like the madhouse in this book, no wonder. Women will revel in her first-hand disclosures.

An inscription on the wedding-ring of Abraham Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd, titles Irving Stone's 560-page novel of their romance, **"Love Is Eternal"** (Collins, 15s.). And what a real, satisfying story it is, from her wooing by the rustic-mannered Abe to her four years as First Lady: "their first hours in this executive office, with its view of the Virginia hills, the portrait of Andrew Jackson and Abraham's vow to hold the Union together; the call for troops; the anguish of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg, with all the young men dying; the big mahogany table, and Abraham sitting across from her writing the Emancipation Proclamation, giving it to her to read, seeking her approval. . . ." Those are her memories after the theatre assassination, and Mr. Stone sees it all through her eyes perhaps with too much detail at times but always with acute sympathy.

Mrs. Edward Whalley-Tooker's **"Son By Adoption"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is a quieter family story of seventy years back which lives down a rather sugary start to tell of a delicate relationship between parents and an adopted son after a son of their own arrives, and between the two boys growing into manhood, and a girl both seemingly loved. As a period piece it can be enjoyed for its simple sentiment and charming delineation of country house, Eton and Sandhurst life long ago.

Are we necessarily right in pitying one who has "come down in the world"? May she not have compensations that elude us? Elderly Martin, who has prospered in Australia, has to face up to this when he returns to England to seek out the woman he had known as a girl and offer her marriage. The family has gone downhill, the house is now flats, Letty lives in a bed-sitter over a shop run by the former scullery-boy and his wife, whom she helps with their accounts. Does Letty now jump at the chance offered her? If not, why not? That is the problem posed in Mary Mitchell's **"The Undefeated"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) and resolved in a manner unconventional but fitting.

Lavender Lloyd's **"The Verandah Room"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) has a problem, too. Walter, who lodges with a childless couple in Nairobi and likes to feel that he is a force in other people's lives, puts it to the rather indolent wife thus: "Suppose you had a lover. And suppose you then discovered that you were expecting a baby; and suppose Charles never found out about the lover . . . then to all intents and purposes the child would be his, wouldn't it? Happy ending all round." Simple, is it not, with Walter as third-party risk? Happy, too, but not quite as he intended. (*Continued on page 76*)

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A story well worth reading to see how the handy proposition works out in practice.

Recommended For September Reading:

"The Surgeon Of Sedbridge," by David Emerson (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.); **"The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth,"** by Paule-André Lesort and translated by Antonia White (Collins, 12s. 6d.); **"The Thorn Tree,"** by Nelia Gardner White (Constable, 13s. 6d.); **"Action Of The Tiger,"** by James Wellard (Macmillan, 15s.); **"The Man Who Didn't Fly,"** by Margot Bennett (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.); **"The Summer Intrigue,"** by Frank Swinnerton (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

"Village Royal," by Phyl Hopkins (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.) is the warm-hearted story of the author's life in London's royal village of Buckingham Place. A revised edition to note—**"Highways And Byways In Somerset,"** by Edward Hutton—it is one of the best guides to this rich county (Chapman & Hall, 13s.). **"Siena And Southern Tuscany,"** by Edward Hutton (Hollis & Carter, 21s.). Another of this delightful writer's books on Italy. **"Mont Blanc And The Aiguilles,"** by C. Douglas Milner (Robert Hale, 30s.), a beautifully illustrated account of two centuries of exploration in the most famous of the French Alps.

Carpets (*Continued from page 70*)

what you're buying. For cotton is cheaper than wool, wears well and can be cleaned by scrubbing with soap and water. Small rugs can be laundered.

Our old friend the Brussels, redolent of drawn venetian blinds and aspidistras is back in a modern guise and with a new name: "looped pile." Brussels is exactly the same as a Wilton except that the pile is looped—essentially it is precisely like an uncut moquette upholstery fabric—instead of cut, like a velour. This gives it a harsher, less luxurious appearance and feel than the velvety Wilton but it also improves durability. For the loops increase resistance to abrasion, another important characteristic of quality. Price for price and quality for quality, a looped pile is a better wearing proposition than a cut pile carpet. And, if you can afford only an inexpensive carpet, looped pile is the best buy every time—as witness the long-suffering hair cord.

To get the best out of a carpet, treat it kindly from the outset. An underfelt is a must; if floor boards are especially uneven, a foam rubber underlay is better still and will, moreover, given even an inexpensive carpet a deceptively luxurious depth.

Any carpet—unless it has looped pile—sheds a terrifying amount of fluff when first brushed. Don't worry. It is not dropping to pieces; it is not badly made. The fluff is formed of tiny fragments of loose wool left when the carpet is sheared—in a machine like a lawn mower—to give it an even surface. Left to itself, this fluff soon disappears into the carpet and helps to increase its life.

Looped pile carpets sometimes sprout a loop here and there where they have been caught by a heel or animal's claw. Indeed, if you keep pets it's wiser to avoid looped pile altogether. But one or two sprouting loops can usually be dealt with by turning the carpet over and, with a needle, pulling the tuft through so that the loop is restored to normal level. If this fails, cut off the offending loop level with the rest of the pile; the tuft will still be quite secure.

One special tip. If you want to avoid unnecessary wear on stair carpet use rods, not clips, on any carpet over 22½ inches wide. Clips only secure the edges, allowing the centre of the carpet to bulge slightly in the middle of the riser. This bulge is particularly vulnerable and there will soon be a bare patch where it is kicked every time anyone goes up or downstairs.

END

The Outsider (*Continued from page 74*)

"Never heard of it," said Tony. "Are you sure, Janey?"

They checked. Ajax was a starter.

"You'll probably lose your money, Janey," Dick smiled. "How much?"

"A pound," she said recklessly.

Tony whistled. "Nice work if you can get it. But you won't, you know. Make it ten bob each way, Janey."

She looked bewildered. "I don't know what you mean, each way. I'm backing this horse to win."

Elaine laughed, and Dick, with a quick look at her, was patient. "Tony means you back it for a place as well, Janey."

She said obstinately, unsmiling and miserable: "I'm backing this horse to win."

She didn't look at him. She thought: I would like to go away somewhere by myself and cry.

"All right, Janey," Dick said gently. He went away to find a bookmaker. When he came back he was smiling. He said: "Perhaps you've got something, Janey, about that horse. Odds have shortened to 33-1. Why are you so keen on it?"

She said shortly: "I've got a hunch."

Suddenly it seemed to matter terribly who won the Derby.

Dick handed her his binoculars. "There you are, Janey. Keep a look-out for your horse!"

Elaine said: "We can't see the finish from here, Dick. Put the radio on. We'll get it both ways then."

Janey heard the cry "They're off!" and then the great roar of the Epsom crowd, louder, louder, and the thundering of horses' hoofs. She raked the field frantically with the binoculars, she couldn't find him, then there he was, a bunch of leaders and Ajax fourth or fifth behind them. She thought dismally, it's no good. . . .

She heard the radio commentator, smooth and unruffled (how on earth does he sort out the horses? she thought) . . . "coming up to Tattenham Corner . . . into the straight . . ." She couldn't see now, she couldn't see. Then she heard it, even the bland B.B.C. voice excited now, rising almost to a shout . . . "Ajax . . . Ajax coming up on the outside . . . Ajax neck and neck now with Parnassus. . . . Ajax leading, it's Ajax's race, Ajax has won the Derby. . . ."

Janey shut her eyes. As in a dream, she heard the crowd's roar simmer down and die, the announcer returning to calm, telling them the favourite was placed second, Fairy Light third . . . she heard Dick saying: "Janey, are you all right?"

She said faintly: "Just about." She handed him the binoculars and jumped down. He smiled, and touched her hand lightly. "Some hunch, Janey. I'll go and collect."

She went and sat in the car—in the front seat this time. Dick came back with her winnings and dropped them in her lap. She picked up the notes and fingered them and put them down again. She felt completely flat, drained, exhausted. It didn't matter after all.

Dick said jokingly: "I shan't bring you racing any more, you take it too hard. You're quite pale. "Well, shall we make tracks? I think anything else after this would be an anti-climax."

The others agreed, and Dick backed out and headed for town. Janey sat beside Dick, pale and silent. She had put the money away in her purse. She felt no elation at all.

As they drove through Lambeth Elaine said brightly: "Well, what next?"

What next, indeed, Janey thought.

Dick said easily: "Well, Janey and I have a date. Can I drop you two anywhere?"

Janey could hardly believe her ears. She looked at him quickly, but he was watching the road ahead and she could tell nothing from his expression.

Elaine and Tony got out at Piccadilly Circus. Elaine did not look pleased. Dick zoomed away up Regent Street and to Janey's astonishment he began to whistle softly.

"Dick," she began. 'Why did you tell them we had a date? What date?"

He gave her a quick sideways glance. "Well, we have a date, haven't we? A date with each other."

"Oh . . . yes." After a moment, she tried again. "Well . . . Dick, where are we going?"

"We're going," said Dick drily. "To find a nice quiet side street where we can park and have a talk."

"Can't we . . . can't we go and have some tea and talk?"

"Not the kind of talk I want to have," said Dick.

Janey looked at him apprehensively. He must be angry with me, she thought, after all.

Dick found his quiet side street. There was nobody about. He switched off the engine and leaned back and looked at her.

"Now," he said. "Tell me. What was it all in aid of?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Janey. She felt her hands begin to shake, and frightened, put them quickly in the pockets of her coat.

"You do know what I mean, Janey. The way you've been all day. What's the matter? You've been cross and miserable and hostile and just plain awkward. Then you win a packet and behave as if you'd lost the Crown Jewels. Come on, tell Dick now. What's wrong, darling?"

Janey burst into tears. Dick said: "Oh, lord, darling, I didn't mean to upset you like this. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. Janey, stop crying. Janey. . . ."

But telling Janey to stop crying once she had started was rather like trying to stop Niagara Falls. However, when she found herself in Dick's arms, she sobbed more quietly, and eventually was able to stammer out: "It's been such a wretched day . . . I was so unhappy. . . ."

Dick looked at her with dawning understanding. He said gently: "I didn't enjoy it much, either, Janey. Do you think I didn't mind having to bring Elaine and Tony along? It was my fault, I know. Elaine is so insensitive, she'll push her way in anywhere, and I find it awfully difficult to be rude to people. . . ."

"Not like me," Janey mumbled remorsefully, and he chuckled.

"I'd got it all planned out," he said. "It was going to be a sort of special day for us. I thought we'd come back to town afterwards and go out to dinner and . . ." he hesitated. "Perhaps you'll think I'm sentimental, but I wanted the right background, the soft lights and sweet music and all that. . . ."

"Background?"

"For telling you that I love you," said Dick. "You know I love you, don't you, Janey?"

Being in the almost molten state of someone who has just had a good cry, Janey began to weep again. "I didn't," she sobbed. "I thought you never would. That's why I was so *miserable*. . . ."

A little later, when Janey was finally restored to calm, Dick said: "Why was it you had such a thing about that horse?"

"It *was* just a hunch," Janey explained. "But I suppose, really, I got the hunch because he was an outsider. Like me."

"Like *you*?"

"Well, I felt an outsider. I didn't belong, and I thought it was . . . very long odds that I ever would. . . ."

Dick grinned. "You don't have to worry, darling," he said. "You're odds-on now."

"What does that mean?" Janey asked.

"I'll explain it," Dick said, his lips against her hair. "Some other time."

END

1.9.55

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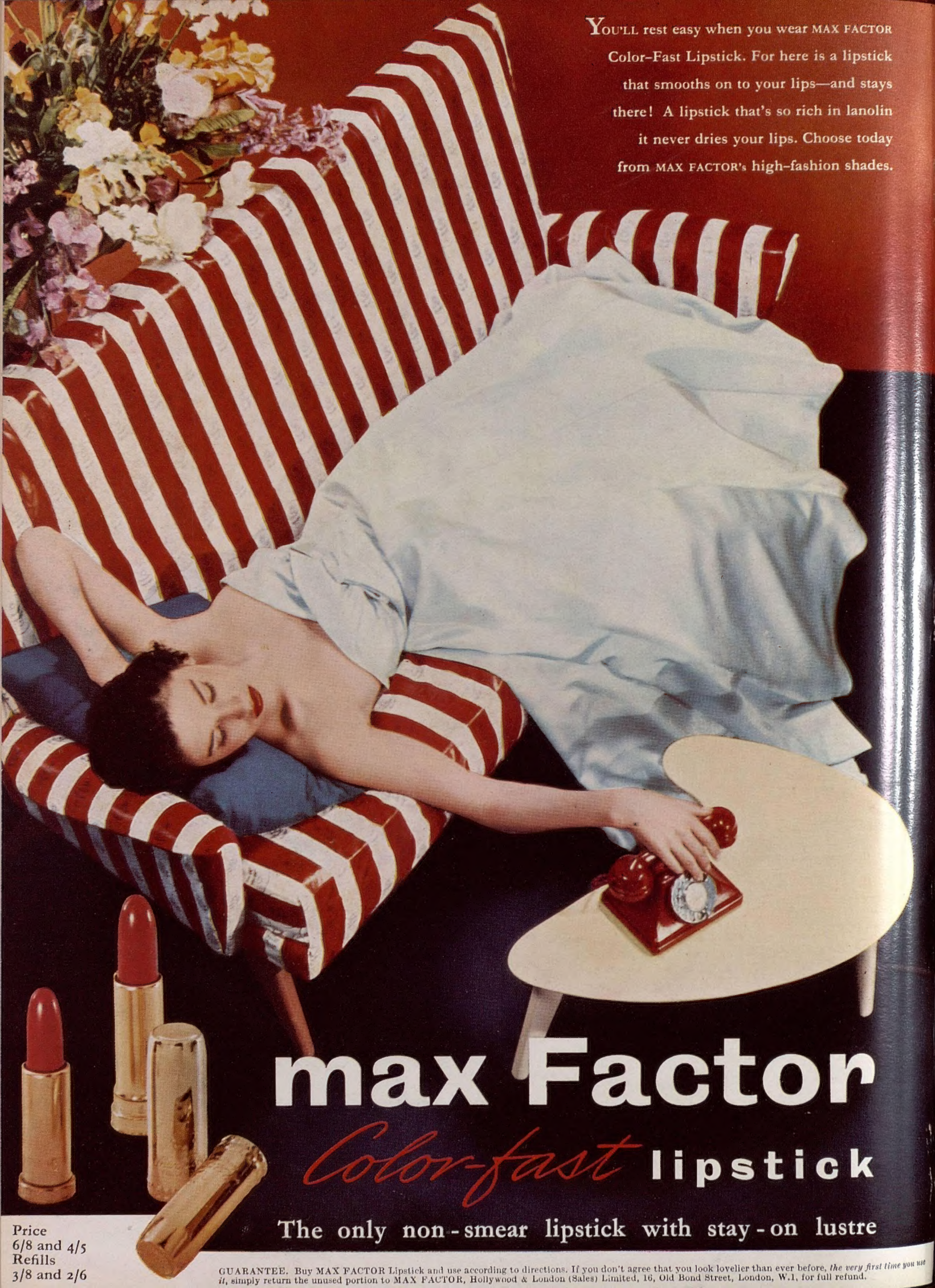
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